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SHAKESPEARE'S

THE WINTER'S TALE

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

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INTRODUCTION.

Date of the Composition.

IN Shakespeare's time there lived in London one Simon Forman, M.D., to whom we are indebted for our earliest notice of THE WINTER'S TALE. He was rather an odd genius, I should think; being a dealer in occult science and the arts or magic, and at the same time an ardent lover of the stage; thus symbolizing at once with the most conservative and the most progressive tendencies of the age: for, strange as it may seem, the Drama then led the van of progress; Shakespeare being even a more audacious innovator in poetry and art than Bacon was in philosophy. Be this as it may, Forman evidently took great delight in the theatre, and he kept a diary of what he witnessed there. In 1836, the manuscript of this diary was discovered in the Ashmolean Museum, and a portion of its contents published. Forman was at the Globe theatre on Wednesday, the 15th of May, 1611, and under that date he records "how Leontes King of Sicilia was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him, and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cupbearer poison him, who gave the King warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo was that she was guilt-

less; and, except the child was found again that was lost, the King should die without issue: for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the King of Bohemia's son married that wench, and they fled into Sicilia, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old."

This clearly identifies the performance seen by Forman as *The Winter's Tale* of Shakespeare. It is altogether probable that the play was then new, and was in its first course of exhibition. For Sir George Buck became Master of the Revels in October, 1610, and was succeeded in that office by Sir Henry Herbert in 1623, who passed *The Winter's Tale* without examination, on the ground of its being an "old play formerly allowed by Sir George Buck." As the play had to be licensed before it could be performed, this ascertains its first preformance to have been after October, 1610. So that *The Winter's Tale* was most likely presented for official sanction some time between that date and the 15th of May following, when Forman saw it at the Globe. To all this must be added the internal characteristics of the play itself, which is in the Poet's ripest and most idiomatic style of art. It is not often that the date of his workmanship can be so closely marked. *The Winter's Tale* was never printed, so far as we know, till it appeared in the folio of 1623.

Source of the Plot.

In the plot and incidents of this play, Shakespeare followed very closely the *Pandosto*, or, as it was sometimes called, the *Dorastus and Fawnia*, of Robert Greene. This novel appears to have been one of the most popular books of the

time; there being no less than fourteen old editions of it known, the first of which was in 1588. Greene was a scholar, a man of some genius, Master of Arts in both the Universities, and had indeed much more of learning than of judgment in the use and application of it. For it seems as if he could not write at all without overloading his pages with classical allusion, nor hit upon any thought so trite and commonplace, but that he must run it through a series of aphoristic sentences twisted out of Greek and Roman lore. In this respect, he is apt to remind one of his fellow-dramatist, Thomas Lodge, whose *Rosalynd* contributed so much to the Poet's *As You Like It:* for it was then much the fashion for authors to prank up their matter with superfluous erudition. Like all the surviving works of Greene, *Pandosto* is greatly charged with learned impertinence, and in the annoyance thence resulting one is apt to overlook the real merit of the performance. It is better than Lodge's *Rosalynd* for this reason, if for no other, that it is shorter. I must condense so much of the tale as may suffice to indicate the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations.

Pandosto, King of Bohemia, and Egistus, King of Sicilia, had passed their boyhood together, and grown into a mutual friendship which kept its hold on them long after coming to their crowns. Pandosto had for his wife a very wise and beautiful lady named Bellaria, who had made him the father of a prince called Garinter in whom both himself and his people greatly delighted. After many years of separation, Egistus "sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend," who, hearing of his arrival, went with a great train of lords and ladies to meet him, received him very lovingly, and wished his wife to welcome him. No pains were spared to honour the royal visitor and make him feel at home. Bellaria, "to

show how much she liked him whom her husband loved," treated Egistus with great confidence, often going herself to his chamber to see that nothing should be amiss. This honest familiarity increased from day to day, insomuch that when Pandosto was busy with State affairs they would walk into the garden and pass their time in pleasant devices. After a while, Pandosto began to have doubtful thoughts, considering the beauty of his wife, and the comeliness and bravery of his friend. This humour growing upon him, he went to watching them, and fishing for proofs to confirm his suspicions. At length his mind got so charged with jealousy that he felt quite certain of the thing he feared, and studied for nothing so much as revenge. He resolved to work by poison, and called upon his cup-bearer, Franion, to execute the scheme, and pressed him to it with the alternative of preferment or death. The minister, after trying his best to dissuade the King, at last gave his consent, in order to gain time, then went to Egistus, and told him the secret, and fled with him to Sicilia. Full of rage at being thus baffled, Pandosto then let loose his fury against the Queen, ordering her forthwith into close prison. He then had his suspicion proclaimed as a certain truth; and though her character went far to discredit the charge, yet the sudden flight of Egistus caused it to be believed. And he would fain have made war on Egistus, but that the latter not only was of great strength and prowess, but had many kings in his alliance, his wife being daughter to the Emperor of Russia.

Meanwhile the Queen in prison gave birth to a daughter; which put the King in a greater rage than ever, insomuch that he ordered both the mother and the babe to be burnt alive. Against this cruel sentence his nobles stoutly remonstrated; but the most they could gain was, that he

should spare the child's life; his next device being to put her in a boat and leave her to the mercy of the winds and waves. At the hearing of this hard doom, the Queen fell down in a trance, so that all thought her dead; and on coming to herself she at last gave up the babe, saying, "Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy little neck, that if fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee."

When the day of trial came, the Queen, standing as a prisoner at the bar, and seeing that nothing but her death would satisfy the King, "waxed bold, and desired that she might have law and justice," and that her accusers might be brought before her face. The King replied that their word was enough, the flight of Egistus confirming what they had said; and that it was her part "to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault." At the same time he threatened her with a cruel death; which she met by telling him that her life had ever been such as no spot of suspicion could stain, and that, if she had borne a friendly countenance towards Egistus, it was only as he was her husband's friend: "therefore, if she were condemned without further proof, it was rigour, and not law." The judges said she spoke reason, and begged that her accusers might be openly examined and sworn; whereupon the King went to browbeating them, the very demon of tyranny having got possession of him. The Queen then told him that, if his fury might stand for law, it was of no use for the jury to give their verdict; and therefore she begged him to send six of his noblemen to "the Isle of Delphos," to inquire of Apollo whether she were guilty or not. This request he could not refuse. The messengers using all haste soon came back with the sealed

answer of Apollo. The court being now assembled again, the scroll was opened and read in their presence, its contents being much the same as in the play. As soon as Apollo's verdict was known, the people raised a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands, that the Queen was clear. The repentant King then besought his nobles to intercede with the Queen in his behalf, at the same time confessing how he had tried to compass the death of Egistus; and while he was doing this word came that the young Prince was suddenly dead; at the hearing of which the Queen fell down, and could never be revived: the King also sank down senseless, and lay in that state three days; and there was nothing but mourning in Bohemia. Upon reviving, the King was so frenzied with grief and remorse that he would have killed himself, but that his peers being present stayed his hand, entreating him to spare his life for the people's sake. He had the Queen and Prince very richly and piously entombed; and from that time repaired daily to the tomb to bewail his loss.

Up to this point, the play, so far as the mere incidents are concerned, is little else than a dramatized version of the tale: henceforth the former diverges more widely from the latter, though many of the incidents are still the same in both.

The boat with its innocent freight was carried by wind and tide to the coast of Sicilia, where it stuck in the sand. A poor shepherd, missing one of his sheep, wandered to the seaside in search of it. As he was about to return he heard a cry, and, there being no house near, he thought it might be the bleating of his sheep; and going to look more narrowly he spied a little boat from which the cry seemed to come. Wondering what it might be, he waded to the

boat, and found the babe lying there ready to die of cold and hunger, wrapped in an embroidered mantle, and having a chain about the neck. Touched with pity he took the infant in his arms, and as he was fixing the mantle there fell at his feet a very fair rich purse containing a great sum of gold. To secure the benefit of this wealth, he carried the babe home as secretly as he could, and gave her in charge to his wife, telling her the process of the discovery. The shepherd's name was Porrus, his wife's Mopsa; the precious foundling they named Fawnia. Being themselves childless, they brought her up tenderly as their own daughter. With the gold Porrus bought a farm and a flock of sheep, which Fawnia at the age of ten was set to watch; and, as she was likely to be his only heir, many rich farmers' sons came to his house as wooers; for she was of singular beauty and excellent wit, and at sixteen grew to such perfection of mind and person that her praises were spoken at the Sicilian Court. Nevertheless she still went forth every day with the sheep, veiling her face from the Sun with a garland of flowers; which attire became her so well, that she seemed the goddess Flora herself for beauty.

King Egistus had an only son, named Dorastus, a Prince so adorned with gifts and virtues, that both King and people had great joy of him. He being now of ripe age, his father sought to match him with some princess; but the youth was little minded to wed, as he had more pleasure in the exercises of the field and the chase. One day, as he was pursuing this sport, he chanced to fall in with the lovely shepherdess, and while he was wrapt in wonder at the vision one of his pages told him she was Fawnia, whose beauty was so much talked of at the Court.

The story then goes on to relate the matter of their court-

ship; how the Prince resolved to forsake his home and inheritance, and become a shepherd, for her sake, as she could not think of matching with one above her degree; how, forecasting the opposition and dreading the anger of his father, he planned for escaping into Italy, in which enterprise he was assisted by an old servant of his named Capnio, who managed the affair so shrewdly, that the Prince made good his escape, taking the old shepherd along with him; how, after they got to sea, the ship was seized by a tempest and carried away to Bohemia; and how at length the several parties met together at the Court of Pandosto, which drew on a disclosure of the facts, and a happy marriage of the fugitive lovers.

Departures from the Novel.

From the foregoing sketch, it would seem that the Poet must have written with the novel before him, and not merely from general recollection. Here, again, as in case of *As You Like It*, to appreciate his judgment and taste, one needs to compare his workmanship in detail with the original, and to note what he left unused. The free sailing between Sicily and Bohemia he retained, inverting, however, the local order of the persons and incidents, so that Polixenes and Florizel are Bohemian Princes, whereas their prototypes, Egistus and his son, are Sicilians. The reason of this inversion does not appear. Of course, the Poet could not have done it with any view to disguise his obligations; as his purpose evidently was, to make the popular interest of the tale tributary to his own success and profit. The most original of men, he was also the most free from pride and conceit of originality. In this instance, too, as in others, the instinctive rectitude of his genius is manifest in that, the subject once chosen, and the

work begun, he thenceforth lost himself in the inspiration of his theme; all thoughts of popularity and pay being swallowed up in the supreme regards of Nature and Truth. For so, in his case, however prudence might dictate the plan, poetry was sure to have command of the execution. If he was but human in electing what to do, he became divine as soon as he went to doing it. And it is further considerable that, with all his borrowings in this play, the Poet nowhere drew more richly or more directly from his own spring. The whole life of the work is in what he gave, not in what he took; the mechanism of the story being used but as a skeleton to underpin and support the eloquent contexture of life and beauty. In the novel, Paulina and the Clown are wanting altogether; while Capnio yields but a slight hint, if indeed it be so much, towards the part of Antolycus. And, besides the great addition of life and matter in these persons, the play has several other judicious departures from the novel.

In Leontes all the revolting features of Pandosto, save his jealousy, and the headstrong insolence and tyranny thence proceeding, are purged away; so that while the latter has neither intellect nor generosity to redeem his character, jealousy being the least of his faults, the other has a liberal stock of both. And in Bellaria the Poet had little more than a bare framework of incident wherein to set the noble, lofty womanhood of Hermione, — a conception far, far above the reach of such a mind as Greene's. In the matter of the painted statue, Shakespeare, so far as is known, was altogether without a model, as he is without an imitator; the boldness of the plan being indeed such as nothing but entire success could justify, and wherein it is hardly possible to conceive of anybody but Shakespeare's having succeeded. And yet here it is that we are to look for the idea and formal

cause of Hermione's character, while her character, again, is the shaping and informing power of the whole drama. For this idea is really the living centre and organic law in and around which all the parts of the work are vitally knit together. But, indeed, the Poet's own most original and inimitable mode of conceiving and working out character is everywhere dominant.

Historical Anachronisms.

So much has been said about the anachronisms of this play, that it seems needful to add a word concerning them. We have already seen that the making of seaports and landing of ships in Bohemia were taken from Greene. Verplanck conjectures that by Bohemia Shakespeare meant simply the land of the Boii, an ancient people several tribes of whom settled in the maritime parts of France: but I hardly think he would have used the name with so much license at a time when the boundaries of that country were so well fixed and so widely known. For the events of the Reformation had made Bohemia an object of special interest to the people of England, and there was much intercourse between the English and Bohemian Courts. I have no notion indeed that this breach of geography was a blunder: it was meant, no doubt, for the convenience of thought; and such is its effect, until one goes to viewing the parts of the work with reference to ends not contemplated in the use here made of them. And the same is to be said touching several points of chronological confusion; such as the making of Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Julio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the Oracle of Delphi; wherein actual things are but marshalled into an ideal order, so as to render Memory subser-

vient to Imagination. In these and such points, it is enough that the materials be apt to combine among themselves, and that they agree in working out the issue proposed, the end thus regulating the use of the means. For a work of art, as such, should be itself an object for the mind to rest upon, not a directory to guide it to something else. So that here we may justly say "the mind is its own place"; and, provided the work be true to this intellectual whereabout, breaches of geography and history are of little consequence. And Shakespeare knew full well, that in poetical workmanship Memory stands absolved from the laws of time, and that the living order of art has a perfect right to overrule and supersede the chronological order of facts. In a word, history and chronology have no rights which a poet, as such, is bound to respect. In his sphere, things draw together and unite in virtue of other affinities than those of succession and coexistence. A work of art must indeed aim to be understood and felt; and so far as historical order is necessary to this, so far it may justly claim a prerogative voice. But still such a work must address itself to the mind and heart of man as man, and not to particular men as scholars or critics. That Shakespeare did this better than anybody else is the main secret of his supremacy. And it implies a knowledge far deeper than books could give, — the knowledge of a mind so intuitive of Nature, and so at home with her, as not to need the food of learning, because it fed directly on that which is the original food of learning itself.

Hence the conviction which I suppose all true Shakespearians to have, that no amount of scholastic advantages and acquirements could really do any thing towards explaining the mystery of his works. To do what he did at all, he must have had a native genius so strong and clear and penetrative,

as to become more than learned without the aid of learning. What could the hydrants of knowledge do for a mind which thus dwelt at its fountain? Or why should he need to converse with Wisdom's messengers, whose home was in the very court and pavilion of Wisdom herself? Shakespeare is always weakest when a fit of learning takes him. But then he is stronger without learning than any one else is with it, and, perhaps, than he would have been with it himself; as the crutches that help the lame are but an incumbrance to the whole.

Perhaps I ought to add, touching the forecited anachronisms, that the Poet's sense of them may be fairly regarded as apparent in the naming of the piece. He seems to have judged that, in a dramatic *tale* intended for the delight of the fireside during a long, quiet Winter's evening, such things would not be out of place, and would rather help than mar the entertainment and life of the performance. Thus much indeed is plainly hinted more than once in the course of the play; as in Act v. scene 2, where, one of the Gentlemen being asked, "What became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?" he replies, "Like an *old tale* still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open."

Much the same is to be said touching the remarkable freedom which the Poet here takes with the conditions of time; there being an interval of sixteen years between the third and fourth Acts, which is with rather un-Shakespearian awkwardness bridged over by the Chorus introducing Act iv. This freedom, however, was inseparable from the governing idea of the piece, nor can it be faulted but upon such grounds as would exclude all dramatized romance from the stage. It is to be noted also that while the play thus divides itself

into two parts, these are skillfully woven together by a happy stroke of art. The last scene of the third Act not only finishes the action of the first three, but by an apt and unforced transition begins that of the other two; the two parts of the drama being smoothly drawn into the unity of a continuous whole by the introduction of the old Shepherd and his son at the close of the one and the opening of the other. This natural arrangement saves the imagination from being disturbed by any yawning or obtrusive gap of time, notwithstanding the lapse of so many years in the interval. On this point, Gervinus remarks that, "while Shakespeare has in other dramas permitted a twofold action united by a common idea, he could not in this instance have entirely concentrated the two actions; he could but unite them indistinctly by a leading idea in both; though the manner in which he has outwardly united them is a delicate and spirited piece of art.

Character of Leontes.

In the delineation of Leontes there is an abruptness of change which strikes us, at first view, as not a little a-clash with nature: we cannot well see how one state of mind grows out of another: his jealousy shoots in comet-like, as something unprovided for in the general ordering of his character. Which causes this feature to appear as if it were suggested rather by the exigencies of the stage than by the natural workings of human passion. And herein the Poet seems at variance with himself; his usual method being to unfold a passion in its rise and progress, so that we go along with it freely from its origin to its consummation. And, certainly, there is no accounting for Leontes' conduct, but by supposing a predisposition to jealousy in him, which,

however, has been hitherto kept latent by his wife's clear, firm, serene discreetness, but which breaks out into sudden and frightful activity as soon as she, under a special pressure of motives, slightly overacts the confidence of friendship. There needed but a spark of occasion to set this secret magazine of passion all a-blaze.

The Pandosto of the novel has, properly speaking, no character at all: he is but a human figure going through a set of motions; that is, the person and the action are put together arbitrarily, and not under any law of vital correspondence. Almost any other figure would fit the motions just as well. It is true, Shakespeare had a course of action marked out for him in the tale. But then he was bound by his own principles of art to make the character such as would rationally support the action, and cohere with it. For such is the necessary law of moral development and transpiration. Nor is it by any means safe to affirm that he has not done this. For it is to be noted that Polixenes has made a pretty long visit, having passed, it seems, no less than nine lunar months at the home of his royal friend. And he might well have found it not always easy to avoid preferring the Queen's society to the King's; for she is a most irresistible creature, and her calm, ingenuous modesty, itself the most dignified of all womanly graces, is what, more than any thing else, makes her so. What secret thoughts may have been gathering to a head in the mind of Leontes during that period, is left for us to divine from the after-results. And I believe there is a jealousy of friendship, as well as of love. Accordingly, though Leontes invokes the Queen's influence to induce a lengthening of the visit, yet he seems a little disturbed on seeing that her influence has proved stronger than his own.

Leon. Is he won yet?
Herm. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spokest
To better purpose.
Herm. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Herm. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
I'm yours for ever.

There is, I think, a relish of suppressed bitterness in this last speech, as if her long reluctance had planted in him a germ of doubt whether, after all, her heart was really in her words of consent. For the Queen is a much deeper character than her husband. It is true, these notices, and various others, drop along so quiet and unpronounced, as hardly to arrest the reader's attention. Shakespeare, above all other men, delights in just such subtile insinuations of purpose; they belong indeed to his usual method of preparing for a given issue, yet doing it so slyly as not to preclude surprise when the issue comes.

So that in his seeming abruptness Leontes, after all, does but exemplify the strange transformations which sometimes occur in men upon sudden and unforeseen emergencies. And it is observable that the very slightness of the Queen's indiscretion, the fact that she goes but a little, a very little too far, only works against her, causing the King to suspect her of great effort and care to avoid suspicion. And on the same principle, because he has never suspected her before, therefore he suspects her all the more vehemently now: that his confidence has hitherto stood unshaken, he attributes to

extreme artfulness on her part; for even so to an ill-disposed mind perfect innocence is apt to give an impression of consummate art. A passion thus groundless and self-generated might well be full-grown as soon as born. The more greedy and craving, too, that it has nothing real to eat; it therefore proceeds at once to "make the meat it feeds on," causing him to magnify whatever he sees, and to imagine many things that are not. That jealousy, however, is not the habit of his mind, appears in that it finds him unprepared, and takes him by surprise; insomuch that he forthwith loses all self-control, and runs right athwart the rules of common decency and decorum, so that he becomes an object at once of pity, of hatred, and scorn.

I think the Poet hardly anywhere shows a keener and juster insight of nature than in the behaviour of this man while the distemper is upon him. He is utterly reason-proof, and indeed acts as one literally insane. For the poison infects not only his manners, but his very modes of thought: in fact, all his rational and imaginative forces, even his speech and language, seem to have caught the disease. And all the loathsome filth which had settled to the bottom of his nature is now shaken up to the surface, so that there appears to be nothing but meanness and malignity and essential coarseness in him. Meanwhile an instinctive shame of his passion and a dread of vulgar ridicule put him upon talking in dark riddles and enigmas: hence the confused, broken, and disjointed style, an odd jumble of dialogue and soliloquy, in which he tries to jerk out his thoughts, as if he would have them known, and yet not have them known. I believe men generally credit themselves with peculiar penetration when they are in the act of being deluded, whether by themselves or by others. Hence, again, the strange and even ludicrous conceit in which

Leontes wraps himself. "Not noted, is't," says he, referring to the Queen's imaginary crime,

> not noted, is't,
> But of the finer natures ? by some severals
> Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
> Perchance, are to this business purblind.

Thus he mistakes his madness for a higher wisdom, and clothes his delusion with the spirit of revelation; so that Camillo rightly says,

> You may as well
> Forbid the sea for to obey the Moon
> As or by oath remove or counsel shake
> The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
> Is piled upon his faith.

I must note one more point of the delineation. When Leontes sends his messengers to Delphos, he avows this as his reason for doing so:

> Though I am satisfied, and need no more
> Than what I know, yet shall the Oracle
> Give rest to th' minds of others.

Which means simply that he is not going to let the truth of the charge stand in issue, and that he holds the Divine authority to be a capital thing, provided he may use it, and need not obey it; that is, if he finds the god agreeing with him in opinion, then the god's judgment is infallible; if not, then, in plain terms, he is no god. And they who have closely observed the workings of jealousy know right well that in all this Shakespeare does not one whit "overstep the modesty of Nature."

The Poet manages with great art to bring Leontes off from the disgraces of his passion, and repeal him home to our sympathies, which had been freely drawn to him at first by his generosity of friendship. To this end, jealousy is repre-

sented as his only fault, and this as a sudden freak, which passes on directly into a frenzy, and whips him quite out of himself, temporarily overriding his characteristic qualities, but not combining with them; the more violent for being unwonted, and the shorter-lived for being violent. In his firm, compact energy of thought and speech, after his passion has cleared itself, and in his perennial flow of repentance after his bereavement, are displayed the real tone and texture of his character. We feel that, if his sin has been great, his suffering is also great, and that if he were a greater sinner, his suffering would be less. Quick, impulsive, headstrong, he admits no bounds to anger or to penitence; condemns himself as vehemently as he does others; and will spend his life in atoning for a wrong he has done in a moment of passion: so that we are the more willing to forgive him, inasmuch as he never forgives himself.

Hermione.

The old poets seem to have contemplated a much wider range of female excellence than it has since grown customary to allow; taking for granted that whatsoever we feel to be most divine in man might be equally so in woman; and so pouring into their conceptions of womanhood a certain *manliness* of soul, wherein we recognize an union of what is lovely with what is honourable, — such a combination as would naturally inspire any right-minded man at the same time with tenderness and with awe. Their ideas of delicacy did not preclude strength: in the female character they were rather pleased than otherwise to have the sweetness of the violet blended with the grandeur of the oak; probably because they saw and felt that woman might be big-hearted and brave-minded, and yet be none the less womanly; and that

love might build all the higher and firmer for having its foundations laid deep in respect. This largeness of heart and liberality of thought often comes out in their writings, and that too whether in dealing with ideal or with actual women; which suggests that in what they chose to create they were a good deal influenced by what they were accustomed to see. For, in a thing that works so much from the sympathies, it could hardly be but that they reflected the mind and spirit of their age. Of this the aptest illustration that my reading has lighted upon is in Ben Jonson's lines on the Countess of Bedford, describing "what kind of creature I could most desire to honour, serve, and love":

> I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
> Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
> I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
> Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat:
> I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
> Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
> I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
> Fit in that softer bosom to reside:
> Only a learnèd and a manly soul
> I purposed her; that should with even powers
> The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
> Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.

That Shakespeare fully shared in this magnanimous bravery of sentiment, we need no further proof than is furnished in the heroine of this play. We can scarce call Hermione sweet or gentle, though she is both; she is a *noble* woman, — one whom, even in her greatest anguish, we hardly *dare* to pity. The whole figure is replete with classic grace, is shaped and finished in the highest style of classic art. As she acts the part of a statue in the play, so she has a statue-like calmness and firmness of soul. A certain austere and solid sweetness pervades her whole de-

meanour, and seems, as it were, the essential form of her life. It is as if some masterpiece of ancient sculpture had warmed and quickened into life from its fulness of beauty and expression.

Appearing at first as the cheerful hostess of her husband's friend, and stooping from her queenly elevation to the most winning affabilities, her behaviour rises in dignity as her sorrow deepens. With an equal sense of what is due to the King as her husband, and to herself as a woman, a wife, and a mother, she knows how to reconcile all these demands; she therefore resists without violence, and submits without weakness. And what her wise spirit sees to be fit and becoming, that she always has strength and steadiness of character to do: hence, notwithstanding the insults and hardships wantonly put upon her, she still preserves the smoothnesses of peace; is never betrayed into the least sign of anger or impatience or resentment, but maintains, throughout, perfect order and fitness and proportion in act and speech: the charge, so dreadful in itself, and so cruel in its circumstances, neither rouses her passions, as it would Paulina's, nor stuns her sensibilities, as in the case of Desdemona; but, like the sinking of lead in the ocean's bosom, it goes to the depths without ruffling the surface of her soul. Her situation is indeed full of pathos, — a pathos the more deeply-moving to others, that it stirs no tumults in her; for her nature is manifestly fitted up and furnished with all tender and gentle and womanly feelings; only she has the force of mind to control them, and keep them all in the right place and degree. "They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest." And so, under the worst that can befall, she remains within the region of herself, calm and serenely beautiful, stands firm, yet full of grace, in the austere strengths

of reason and conscious rectitude. And when, at her terrible wrongs and sufferings, all hearts are shaken, all eyes wet, but her own, the impression made by her stout-hearted fortitude is of one whose pure, tranquil, deep-working breast is the home of sorrows too big for any eye-messengers to report:

> Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

The delineation keeps the same tone and texture through all its parts, but the sense of it is specially concentrated in what she says when the King winds up his transport of insane fury by ordering her off to prison:

> Good my lords,
> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here which burns
> Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so,
> The King's will be perform'd! — 'Beseech your Highness,
> My women may be with me; for, you see,
> My plight requires it. — Do not weep, good fools;
> There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
> Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
> As I come out. — . . . Adieu, my lord:
> I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
> I trust, I shall.

And her character is answerably reflected in the minds of the King's chief counsellors, whose very swords seem stirring with life in the scabbards, and yearning to leap forth and vindicate the honour of their beloved Queen, but that awe of the crown restrains them.

Her last speech at the trial is, I am apt to think, the solidest piece of eloquence in the language. It is like a piece of the finest statuary marble, chiselled into perfect form; so

compact of grain, that you cannot crush it into smaller space; while its effect is as wholesome and bracing as the atmosphere of an iced mountain when tempered by the Summer sun. The King threatens her with death, and she replies,

> Sir, spare your threats:
> The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
> To me can life be no commodity:
> The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
> I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
> But know not how it went: my second joy,
> And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
> I'm barr'd like one infectious: my third comfort,
> Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
> The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
> Haled out to murder: myself on every post
> Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
> The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
> To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
> Here to this place, i' the open air, before
> I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
> Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
> That I should fear to die. Therefore, proceed.
> But yet hear this; mistake me not: My life,
> I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
> Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
> Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
> But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
> 'Tis rigour, and not law.

Noble simplicity of the olden time, when the best and purest of women, with the bravest men in presence, thought no shame to hear themselves speaking such plain honest words as these!

The Queen's long concealing of herself has been censured by some as repugnant to nature. Possibly they may think it somewhat strained and theatrical, but it is not so: the woman is but true to herself, in this matter, and to the solid

and self-poised repose in which her being dwells. So that the thing does not seem repugnant to nature as individualized by her reason and will; nor is her character herein more above or out of nature than the proper ideal of art abundantly warrants. For to her keen sensibility of honour the King's treatment is literally an *infinite* wrong; nor does its cruelty more wound her affection, than its meanness alienates her respect; and one so strong to bear injury might well be equally strong to remember it. Therewithal she knows full well that, in so delicate an instrument as married life, if one string be out of tune the whole is ajar, and will yield no music: for her, therefore, all things must be right, else none are so. And she is both too clear of mind and too upright of heart to put herself where she cannot be precisely what the laws of propriety and decorum require her to seem. Accordingly, when she does forgive, the forgiveness is simply *perfect;* the breach that has been so long a-healing is at length *completely* healed; for to be whole and entire in whatever she does, is both an impulse of nature and a law of conscience with her. When the King was wooing her, she held him off three months, which he thought unreasonably long; but the reason why she did so is rightly explained when, for his inexpressible sin against her, she has locked herself from his sight sixteen years, leaving him to mourn and repent. Moreover, with her severe chastity of principle, the reconciliation to her husband must begin there where the separation grew. Thus it was for Perdita to restore the parental unity which her being represents, but of which she had occasioned the breaking.

Such is Hermione, in her "proud submission," her "dignified obedience," with her Roman firmness and integrity of soul, heroic in strength, heroic in gentleness, the queenliest of women, the womanliest of queens. She is perhaps the

Poet's best illustration of the great principle, which I fear is not so commonly felt as it should be, that the highest beauty always has an element or shade of the terrible in it, so that it awes you while it attracts.

Paulina.

> If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
> And never to my red-look'd anger be
> The trumpet any more.
>
> Good Queen, my lord, good Queen; I say, good Queen,
> And would by combat make her good, so were I
> A man, the worst about you.
>
> For ever
> Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
> Takest up the Princess by that forcèd baseness
> Which he has put upon't.

Such are some of the words that boil over from the stout heart of Paulina, — the noblest and most amiable termagant we shall anywhere find, — when, with the new-born babe in charge, she confronts the furious King. He threatens to have her burnt, and she replies instantly,

> I care not:
> It is an heretic that makes the fire,
> Not she which burns in't.

If her faults were a thousand times greater than they are, I could pardon them all for this one little speech; which proves that Shakespeare was, I will not say a Protestant, but a true Christian, intellectually at least, and far deeper in the spirit of his religion than a large majority of the Church's official organs were in his day, or, let me add, have been any day since. And this was written, be it observed, at a time when the embers of the old ecclesiastical fires were not yet wholly extinct, and when many a priestly bigot was de-

ploring the lay ascendency which kept them from being rekindled.

Paulina makes a superb counterpart to Hermione, heightening the effect of her character by the most emphatic contrast, and at the same time reflecting it by her intense and outspoken sympathy. Without any of the Queen's dignified calmness and reserve, she is alive to all her inward beauty and greatness: with a head to understand and a heart to reverence such a woman, she unites a temper to fight, a generosity to die for her. But no language but her own can fitly measure the ardour with which she loves and admires and even adores her "dearest, sweetest mistress," whose power has indeed gone all through her, so that every part of her nature cannot choose but speak it, when the occasion kindles her. Loud, voluble, violent, and viraginous, with a tongue sharper than a sword, and an eloquence that fairly blisters where it hits, she has, therewithal, too much honour and magnanimity and kind feeling either to use them without good cause, or to forbear using them at all hazards when she has such cause. Mrs. Jameson classes her, and justly, no doubt, among those women — and she assures us there are many such — who seem regardless of the feelings of those for whom they would sacrifice their life.

"I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house." Such is the speech of one gentleman to another, as the royal party and all the Court are going to Paulina's house to see the mysterious workmanship of Julio Romano. Nothing could better suggest the history of that quiet, placid intercourse, with its long record of patient, self-rewarding service; a fellowship in which little needed to be said, for each knew

what was in the other's mind by a better language than words. It is such an idea of friendship as it does the heart good to rest upon. Just think of those two great manly souls, enshrined in womanly tenderness, thus communing together in secret for sixteen long years! And what a powerful charm of love and loyalty must have been cast upon Paulina's impulsive tongue, that she should keep so reticent of her dear cause through all that time! To play the woman after that fashion would not hurt any of us.

The Fourth and Fifth Acts.

During the first three Acts the interest of this play is mainly tragic; the scene is densely crowded with incidents; the action hurried, abrupt, almost spasmodic; the style quick and sharp, flashing off point after point in brief, sinewy strokes; and all is rapidity and despatch: what with the insane fury of the King, the noble agony of the Queen, the enthusiasm of the Court in her behalf, and the King's violence towards both them and her, the mind is kept on the jump: all which, if continued to the end, would generate rather a tumult and hubbub in the thoughts, than that inward music which the title of the play promises; not to say, that such a prolonged hurry of movement would at length become monotonous and wearisome. Far otherwise the latter half of the play. Here the anticipations proper to a long, leisurely winter evening are fully met; the general effect is soothing and composing; the tones, dipped in sweetness, fall gently on the ear, disposing the mind to be still and listen and contemplate; thus making the play, as Coleridge describes it, "exquisitely respondent to the title." It would seem, indeed, that in these scenes the Poet had specially endeavoured how much of silent effect he could produce, without diverging

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from the dramatic form. To this end, he provides resting-places for thought; suspending or retarding the action by musical pauses and periods of lyrical movement, and breathing-in the mellowest strains of poetical harmony, till the eye is "made quiet by the power of beauty," and all tumult of mind is hushed in the very intensity of feeling.

In the last two Acts we have a most artful interchange and blending of romantic beauty and comic drollery. The lost Princess and the heir-apparent of Bohemia, two of the noblest and loveliest beings that ever fancy conceived, occupy the centre of the picture, while around them are clustered rustic shepherds and shepherdesses amid their pastimes and pursuits, the whole being enlivened by the tricks and humours of a merry pedler and pickpocket. For simple purity and sweetness, the scene which unfolds the loves and characters of the Prince and Princess is not surpassed by any thing in Shakespeare. Whatsoever is enchanting in romance, lovely in innocence, elevated in feeling, and sacred in faith, is here concentrated; forming, all together, one of those things which we always welcome as we do the return of Spring, and over which our feelings may renew their youth for ever. So long as flowers bloom and hearts love, they will do it in the spirit of this scene.

It is a pastoral frolic, where free thoughts and guileless hearts rule the hour, all as true and pure as the tints and fragrances with which field and forest and garden have beautified the occasion. The neighbouring swains and lasses have gathered in, to share and enhance the sport. The old Shepherd is present, but only as a looker-on, having for the nonce resigned the command to his reputed daughter. Under their mutual inspiration, the Prince and Princess are each in the finest rapture of fancy, while the surrounding

iufluences of the rustic festival are just enough to enfranchise their inward music into modest and delicate utterance. He has tastefully decked her person with flowers, till no traces of the shepherdess can be seen, and she seems herself a multitudinous flower; having also attired himself "with a swain's wearing," so that the prince is equally obscured.

> These your unusual weeds to each part of you
> Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
> Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
> Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
> And you the queen on't.

Thus he opens the play. And when she repeats her fears of the event:

> Thou dearest Perdita,
> With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
> The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
> Or not my father's; for I cannot be
> Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
> I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
> Though destiny say no.

The King and Camillo steal upon them in disguise, and while they are present we have this:

> *Perdita.* Come, take your flowers:
> Methinks I play as I have seen them do
> In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
> Does change my disposition.
> *Florizel.* What you do
> Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
> I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
> I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
> Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
> To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
> A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
> Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
> No other function. Each your doing is
> So singular in each particular,

Crowning what you have done i' the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.
Perdita. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood that peeps so fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Florizel. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pray.
Polix. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself, —
Too noble for this place.
Camil. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Polix. 'Pray you, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: I but have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the Moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Polix. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent.

The Princess.

Perdita, notwithstanding she occupies so little room in the play, fills a large space in the reader's thoughts, almost disputing precedence with the Queen. And her mother's best native qualities reappear in her, sweetly modified by pastoral associations; her nature being really much the same, only it

has been developed and seasoned in a different atmosphere; a nature too strong indeed to be displaced by any power of circumstances or supervenings of art, but at the same time too delicate and susceptive not to take a lively and lasting impress of them. So that, while she has thoroughly assimilated, she nevertheless clearly indicates, the food of place and climate, insomuch that the dignities of the princely and the simplicities of the pastoral character seem striving which shall express her goodliest. We can hardly call her a poetical being; she is rather poetry itself, and every thing lends and borrows beauty at her touch. A playmate of the flowers, when we see her with them, we are at a loss whether they take more inspiration from her or she from them; and while she is the sweetest of poets in making nosegays, the nosegays become in her hands the richest of crowns. If, as Schlegel somewhere remarks, the Poet is "particularly fond of showing the superiority of the innate over the acquired," he has surely nowhere done it with finer effect than in this unfledged angel.

There is much to suggest a comparison of Perdita and Miranda; yet how shall I compare them? Perfectly distinct indeed as individuals, still their characters are strikingly similar; only Perdita has perhaps a sweeter gracefulness, the freedom, simplicity, and playfulness of nature being in her case less checked by external restraints; while Miranda carries more of a magicial and mysterious charm woven into her character from the supernatural influences of her whereabout. So like, yet so different, it is hard saying which is the better of the two, or rather one can hardly help liking her best with whom he last conversed. It is an interesting fact also, for such it seems to be, that these two glorious delineations were produced very near together, perhaps both the same year; and this too when

Shakespeare was in his highest maturity of poetry and wisdom; from which it has been not unjustly argued that his experience both in social and domestic life must have been favourable to exalted conceptions of womanhood. The Poet, though in no sort a bigot, was evidently full of loyal and patriotic sentiment; and I have sometimes thought that the government of Elizabeth, with the grand national enthusiasm which clustered round her throne and person, may have had a good deal to do in shaping and inspiring this part of his workmanship. Be that as it may, with but one great exception, I think the world now finds its best ideas of moral beauty in Shakespeare's women.

The Prince.

Florizel's character is in exquisite harmony with that of the Princess. To be sure, it may be said that if he is worthy of her, it is mainly her influence that makes him so. But then it is to be observed, on the other hand, that as in such cases men find only what they bring the faculties for finding, so the meeting with her would not have elicited such music from him, had not his nature been originally responsive to hers. For he is manifestly drawn and held to her by a powerful instinct of congeniality. And none but a living abstract and sum-total of all that is manly could have so felt the perfections of such a woman. The difference between them is, that she was herself before she saw him, and would have been the same without him; whereas he was not and could not be himself, as we see him, till he caught inspiration from her; so that he is but right in saying,

> I bless the time
> When my good falcon made her flight across
> Thy father's ground.

Nevertheless it is a clear instance of the pre-established harmony of souls: but that his spirit were akin to hers, he could not have recognized his peer through such a disguise of circumstances. For any one to be untouched and unsweetened by the heavenly purity of their courtship, were indeed a sin almost too great to be forgiven.

Shakespeare knew, — none better, — that in order to be a lover in any right sense of the term, one must first be a man. He therefore does not leave the Prince without an opportunity to show that he is such. And it is not till after the King has revealed himself, and blown up the mirth of the feast by his explosion of wrath, that the Prince displays his proper character in this respect. I need not stay to remark how well the Poet orders the action for that purpose; suffice it to say that the Prince then fully makes good his previous declaration:

> Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
> Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
> That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
> More than was ever man's; I would not prize them,
> Without her love; for her employ them all;
> Commend them, or condemn them, to her service,
> Or to their own perdition.

Autolycus and Camillo.

The minor characters of this play are both well conceived and skilfully disposed, the one giving them a fair personal, the other a fair dramatic interest. The old Shepherd and his clown of a son are near, if not in, the Poet's happiest comic vein. Autolycus, the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," is the most amiable and ingenious rogue we should desire to see; who cheats almost as divinely as those about him

love, and whose thieving tricks the very gods seem to crown with thrift in reward of his wit. His self-raillery and droll soliloquizing give us the feeling that his sins are committed not so much for lucre as for fun. — The Poet was perhaps a little too fond of placing his characters in situations where they have to be false in order to be the truer; which no doubt sometimes happens; yet, surely, in so delicate a point of morality, some care is needful, lest the exceptions become too much for the rule. And something too much of this there may be in the honest, upright, yet deceiving old lord, Camillo. I speak this under correction; for I know it is not safe to fault Shakespeare's morals; and that they who affect a better morality than his are very apt to turn out either hypocrites or moral coxcombs. As for the rest, this Camillo, though little more than a staff in the drama, is nevertheless a pillar of State; his integrity and wisdom making him a light to the counsels and a guide to the footsteps of the greatest around him. Fit to be the stay of princes, he is one of those venerable relics of the past which show us how beautiful age can be, and which, linking together different generations, form at once the salt of society and the strength of government.

Wanton - frolicksome

bourne - boundary land

THE WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, his Son.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Sicilian Lords.
ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, his Son.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
A Mariner.
A Jailer.
An old Shepherd.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady attending on the Queen.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE.— *Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Sicilia. An Antechamber in the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; [1] for, indeed, —

Cam. Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which [2] cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed [3] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; [4] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their love!

[1] "*In so far as* our entertainment falls short, we will make up the deficiency with our love."

[2] Instead of *which*, the usage of our time would require *as* in this place. But in Shakespeare's time the demonstratives *this*, *that*, and *such*, and also the relatives *which*, *that*, and *as*, were often used indiscriminately.

[3] *Attorneyed* is done by deputy or representative, as a man is represented by his attorney in a lawsuit. — *That*, in the next clause, has the force of *so that*, or *insomuch that*; a frequent usage with the Poet.

[4] *Vast* is here used in much the same sense as in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "In the

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.[5]

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,[6] makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Polix. Nine changes of the watery star[1] have been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again

dead *vast* and middle of the night." So in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 203: "Through the *vast* of Heaven it sounded, and the faithful armies sung hosanna to the Highest." See *The Tempest*, page 66, note 81.

[5] "Come *within* my *notice* or knowledge." The Poet has *note* repeatedly in this sense. So in *King Lear*, iii. 1: "Sir, I do *know* you; and dare, upon the warrant of my *note*," &c.

[6] *Physic*, verb, was formerly used for to *heal* or *make healthy*. *Medicine* is still used in like manner; as in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2: "Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less." — *Subject* here bears the sense of *subjects*, the singular for the plural. See *Hamlet*, page 49, note 17.

[1] The *watery star* is the Moon; probably called watery from her connection with the tides. And the meaning is, simply, that the shepherd hath

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.[2]

Polix. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I'm question'd by my fear of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence: may there blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly![3] Besides, I've stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Polix. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Polix. Very sooth,[4] to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's, then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Polix. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

noted, or seen, nine changes of the Moon. The "nine changes" are, I think, beyond question, nine *lunar months*, though some explain it nine *weeks*. But I doubt whether the *quarterings* of the Moon were called changes. And if the time had been but nine *weeks*, it is not likely that Leontes would speak, as he afterwards does, touching Perdita.

[2] *Part* for *depart*. The two were used interchangeably.

[3] That is, "this fear of mine has too much cause"; this presage is too true. — *Sneaping* is *biting* or *nipping*.

[4] *Very sooth* is *in real truth*. Both words are often used thus, especially the latter. And so *soothsayer* originally meant *truth-speaker*.

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our Queen? speak you.

Herm. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.[5]

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Herm. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
[*To* POLIX.] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest[6]
Prefix'd for's parting: — yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady e'er her lord.[7] — You'll stay?

[5] To *ward* is to *guard*; and the substantive was often used for *place* or *posture of defence*. See *The Tempest*, page 74, note 104.

[6] To *let* had for its synonymes to *stay* or *stop*; to *let* him there is to *stay* him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one.

[7] "A *jar* o' the clock" is a *tick* o' the clock; *jar* being at that time often used for *tick*. — *Behind* is here equivalent to *less than*; and "*what* lady *e'er*"

Polix. No, madam.
Herm. Nay, but you will?
Polix. I may not, verily.
Herm. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.
Polix. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Herm. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Polix. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Herm. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Polix. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,

means *whatever* lady. The language is elliptical; the full sense being, "not a jot less than *any* lady whatever loves her lord." We have a like expression in *Richard II.*, v. 3: "How heinous *e'er* it be."

And bleat the one at th' other: what we changed[8]
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, *not guilty;* th' imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.[9]

Herm. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Polix. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Herm. God's grace to boot![10]
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Herm. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

[8] *Changed* for *exchanged* or *interchanged.* So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Sir, my good friend; I'll *change* that name with you."

[9] "Setting aside or striking off the stain of original sin which we have inherited." Referring of course to "Man's first disobedience."

[10] The proper meaning of *boot* is *help*, *profit*, or *advantage*. So in iii. 2: "It shall scarce *boot* me to say, *Not guilty.*"

Herm. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Herm. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.[11] But to th' goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to th' purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbèd months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap[12] thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
I'm yours for ever.

Herm. It is Grace indeed. —
Why, lo you now, I've spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other for some while a friend. [*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!

[11] To "*heat* an acre" is doubtless the same as to *run* an acre; just as, in the language of the race-ground, a three-mile heat is a race of three miles. Mr. Joseph Crosby, in a letter to me, justly observes that "the accompanying words, 'to th' goal,' show that the metaphor is from the race-course." And he adds that "*heat* is not simply the distance run, but the sporting-term for the race itself; 'winning the heat,' 'running the heat,' &c."

[12] On entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. So in the old play of *Ram Alley*: "Come, *clap hands*, a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life.

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I've *tremor cordis* on me, — my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer;[13] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock.[14] What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. — [*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Still virginalling[15]
Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

[13] The *mort* was a long note played on the horn at the death of the deer. *Mort* is the French word for *death;* from the Latin *mors.*

[14] A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beaucoq*, or *boy-cock.* It occurs in *Twelfth Night*, and in *King Henry V.*, and in both places is coupled with *chuck* or *chick.* It is said that *bra' cock* is still used in Scotland. — *I'fecks* is probably a corruption of *in faith.*

[15] Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,[16]
To be full like me. — [*Aside.*] Yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[17] as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn[18] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[19] sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop![20] — Can thy dam? — may't be? —

[16] *Pash* is said to mean, in some places, a young bull-calf whose horns are just sprouting. According to Jamieson, it is a Scotch term for *head*. The sense of the text is, apparently, "To be altogether like me, thou must have the knobby forehead and the budding horns that I have."

[17] *O'er-dyed blacks* means old faded stuffs of whatever colour dyed black. Under the word *false* there is probably an allusion to those who practised mourning as a sort of art, and kept certain articles of dress for that purpose, such as hat-bands and gloves, which, being dyed over repeatedly, not only became rotten, but were also regarded as badges of a hypocritical or simulated sorrow. The text is well illustrated in Massinger's *Old Law*, ii. 1:

> I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
> But chose a colour orient like my mind:
> For *blacks* are often such *dissembling mourners*,
> There is no credit given to't; it has lost
> All reputation by *false* sons and widows.
> Now I would have men know what I resemble,
> A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy;
> Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
> That's only faced with sables for a show,
> But gaudy-hearted.

[18] That is, makes no distinction. *Bourn* is *limit* or *boundary;* as in Hamlet's soliloquy: "The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn no traveller returns."

[19] *Welkin* is *blue*, the colour of the welkin or sky.

[20] This use of *collop* is well explained in one of Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1566: "For I have heard saie it is a deere *collup* that is cut out of thy owne

Affection, thy intention stabs the centre![21]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicatest with dreams, — how can this be? —
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent[22]
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, (as I find it,)
Ay, even to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.[23]

flesh." Shakespeare has it again in *1 King Henry VI.*, v. 4: "God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh." The sense of the word is now expressed in the phrase, "a chip of the old block."

[21] After a great deal of thought spent upon this line, I have tied up in the following: *Affection* here means what the old moralists called *carnal concupiscence*, or, in a word, *lust*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2: "What nearer debt in all humanity than wife is to the husband? if this law of Nature be *corrupted through affection*," &c. — *Intention* is *intenseness*, *energy*, *pervasive force*. — *Centre* is the Earth, which was held to be literally the centre of the visible Universe. And so I understand Leontes to mean that the potency of sexual desire is universal; that it penetrates everywhere, and pervades the whole world.

[22] *Credent* for *credible*; an instance of the active form with the passive sense. See *As You Like It*, page 96, note 4.

[23] A very obscure passage, and hard to explain; naturally made so, from the Saint-Vitus dance of agitation into which Leontes here works himself, and from a kind of self-shame instinctively prompting him to obscure or disguise his thoughts while giving vent to them. The best I can do with it is something as follows: After referring to the potency of sexual desire as explained in note 21, Leontes proceeds to descant on sundry workings of that potency: it achieves things that are deemed impossible; gives life to dreams; shapes imaginations; cooperates with unrealities; has commerce with things that are not; and is so like a planetary influence, that even what passes for angelic purity may not be proof against it. If it can do all these wonders, then he concludes that, in the person of his wife, it can certainly fellowship an actual object, and conspire with the answering motions of another person; and if this can be, then it is, and he is sure of it; and the *fact* is so working in his head as to cause a sprouting of horns. See Critical Notes.

Polix. What means Sicilia?
Herm. He something seems unsettled.
Polix. Ho, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Herm. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you not moved, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[24] this gentleman. — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[25]
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be's dole![26] — My brother,
Are you so fond of your young Prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Polix. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter

[24] *Squash* is an immature pea-pod. In *Twelfth Night*, we have "As a *squash* before it is a peascod."

[25] A proverbial phrase for putting up with an affront or insult. The Prince evidently so understands it. It was sometimes used for any cowardly conduct.

[26] A common phrase in old writers, meaning "May happiness be his lot or portion!"

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December's;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent[27] to my heart.

Herm. If you would seek us,
We're yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. — [*Aside.*] I'm angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE
How she holds up the neb,[28] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing[29] husband! —

[*Exeunt* POLIX., HERM., *and* Attend.

Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one![30]
Go, play, boy, play: — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue

[27] That is, heir-apparent, next claimant, or nearest kin.

[28] *Neb* is *beak*, *bill*, or *nose*. So "meeting *noses*," later in this scene.

[29] *Allowing* is *approving*. Such is often the meaning of to *allow* in old writers. See *Twelfth Night*, page 34, note 7.

[30] "A *fork'd* one" is one having his brow forked with horns. Allusions to this occur *ad nauseam*. See page 46, note 16.

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play. — Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. — How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort. —
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. —
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it? —
[*Aside.*] They're here with me already;[31] whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a — so-forth: 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.[32] — How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the Queen's be't: *good* should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?

[31] "They are already *aware of my dishonour*"; *they* referring not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to the people about the Court. — *Rounding* is much the same as *muttering*. To *round* one in the ear, was a common phrase.

[32] "The knowledge of my disgrace has spread far and wide, since I am the last to find it out." *Gust* for *taste*; as in *disgust*.

For thy conceit[33] is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes[34]
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your mistress! — satisfy!
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart,[35] as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be't forbid, my lord!

[33] *Conceit* was always used in a good sense, and with reference to the faculties of thought generally: *judgment*, *understanding*, &c.

[34] *Messes* is here put for *degrees*, *conditions*. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes. Sometimes the *messes* were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged in *fours*, whence the word came to express *four* in vulgar speech. — Of course Leontes in his self-delusion is mightily puffed up with a conceit of his own superior insight and sagacity.

[35] "The things nearest to my heart." Such transpositions are frequent. — In what follows, *as well* has the force of *as well as*. Often so. "Chamber counsels" are official consultations held in the King's Council-chamber.

Leon. To bide upon't,[36] thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes[37] honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That see'st a game play'd home,[38] the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,[39] 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty

[36] This phrase means "it is my fixed opinion." So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*, iv. 3: "Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman; *to bide upon't*, a very valiant man."

[37] To *hox* is to *hamstring*. The proper form of the word is *hough*.

[38] *Home*, adverb, is *to the utmost*, *thoroughly*, or *to the quick*. So we have "strike her *home*," "pay us *home*," "satisfy me *home*," and many others.

[39] An obscure passage, but probably meaning, "the non-performance of which was matter of regret or blame afterwards, when the reasons for doing it became evident." So the event often proves that it were better to have done things that were left undone. In that case, the advantage of having gone ahead may be said to reprove the holding back.

Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo, —
But that's past doubt, you have; or heard, —
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute; or thought, — for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think't, —
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess, —
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, — then say
My wife's a hobby-horse:[40] say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,[42]
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.[43]

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? — a note infallible
Of breaking honesty; — horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes else

[40] *Hobby-horse* was applied in contempt to frivolous or licentious persons of either sex.

[42] "*Beshrew* me" was a common imprecation; equivalent to *confound* me, or *plague take* me.

[43] "To reiterate your accusation of the Queen were as deep a sin as that you charge her with, even though she be guilty of it."

Blind with the pin-and-web,[44] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer,[45] that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like a medal hanging
About his neck, Bohemia; who, — if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, — they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, — whom I from meaner form

[44] The *pin-and-web* is the *cataract* in an early stage.

[45] A *hovering temporizer* is a *waverer*, or, in our language, a *waiter* upon Providence; one who sits astride the fence, watching the chances, or the setting of the current, and at last takes the side where "thrift may follow fawning."

Have bench'd,[46] and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, — thou mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash[47] potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.[48]
I have loved thee, —

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
T' appoint myself in this vexation,
Give scandal to the blood o' the Prince my son, —
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine, —
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[49]

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your Highness

[46] *Meaner form* is *lower seat*, *place*, or *rank;* and the meaning is, "whom I have raised from a lower bench to a higher." So classes in schools were numbered according to the *forms*, or benches, whereon they sat. The Poet has *forms* repeatedly so.

[47] *Rash* here means *swift* or *sudden;* the idea being of a poison that acts so slowly as to be unperceived and unsuspected.

[48] The meaning probably is, "*she* being so *supremely* honourable"; or, it may be, "she being so perfect in *queenly honour*." — In the next speech, when Leontes says "Make that thy question," he evidently refers to Hermione's alleged disloyalty, the *crack* which Camillo cannot admit.

[49] To *blench* is to *start aside*, to *fly off*, or to *shrink;* and the meaning is, "Could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?

Will take again your Queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in Courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your Queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but, since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Polix. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Polix. What is the news i' the Court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Polix. The King hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider. What is breeding,
That changes thus his manners?

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Polix. How! dare not!—do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;[50]
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

[50] "Such, or something such, is the true interpretation of your language." —"Be intelligent" here means *give intelligence.*

Polix. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:[51]
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we're gentle,[52] — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Polix. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure[53] thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,[54] — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm

[51] Shakespeare has many allusions to this old fabulous serpent, which was said to have the power of killing by its look, or of darting deadly venom from its eyes. *Cockatrice* was another name of the beast. See *Twelfth Night*, page 103, note 15.

[52] "In whose *succession*, or by succession *from whom*, we are *well-born*, or inherit our nobility of rank." So both *success* and *gentle* were often used; the latter being opposed to *simple*, or *low-born*. — *Clerk-like* is *learned* or *scholarly*; *scholar* being the proper meaning of *clerk*.

[53] In Shakespeare's time, *conjure*, in the sense of *earnestly request*, was pronounced with the accent on the first or the second syllable, indifferently; the two ways of pronunciation not having become appropriated to the different senses of the word.

[54] Some obscurity again. *Whereof* refers to *parts*; *parts* means *duties*, *claims*, or *rights*; and the order of the words according to the sense is, "whereof this suit of mine is not the least"; that is, not the least of all the claims of man which honour does acknowledge. — *Incidency* is *contingency* or *likelihood*; what is likely to happen or befall.

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry *lost*, and so good night!

Polix. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him[55] to murder you.

Polix. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Polix. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice[56] you to't, that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Polix. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his[57] that did betray the Best!

[55] Am appointed *the one*, or *the man*, apparently.

[56] *Vice* is commonly explained as meaning to *force;* the word being used of any engine worked by a screw. This explanation is certainly countenanced by a passage in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1: "Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, and that I partly know the *instrument* that *screws* me from my true place in your favour," &c. Another explanation may be, that *vice* is here used in the sense of to *tempt*, to *corrupt*, to *vitiate*. Mr. Joseph Crosby thinks it may be "that the Poet here purposely employed the word *vice* as possessing a double propriety, implying not only 'as though he had been an instrument to urge you to it,' but 'had been a *vicious* instrument, viciously to screw you up, or impel you along, to the commission of this crime.'"

[57] Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was, "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the Moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Polix. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I'm sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosèd in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by th' King's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Polix. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand:

Be pilot to me, and thy places [58] shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence-departure
Two days ago. This jealousy of his
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and nothing
The gracious Queen, part of his theme, discomfort
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! [59] Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your Highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

[58] *Places* clearly means *offices* or *honours*. Polixenes means that Camillo shall be placed near him, or in the highest offices under him.

[59] The meaning seems to be, "May a speedy departure befriend me, and nowise discomfort the Queen in respect of his groundless suspicion!" Polixenes is apprehensive, as he well may be, that his flight will confirm the jealousy of Leontes, and so add to the sufferings of the Queen. And such is indeed the effect of the "good expedition" that rescues him from danger. Shakespeare often uses *nothing* simply as a strong negative, equivalent to *nowise* or *not at all*. He also repeatedly uses *of* with the force of *in respect of*. See Critical Notes.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Herm. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not ~~for~~ because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 Lady. Who taught ye this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
Herm. Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?

Herm. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for Winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Herm. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man, —

Herm. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. — Dwelt by a churchyard: — I will tell it softly:
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Herm. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Guards.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure,[1] in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge![2] how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider[3] steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but, if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

[1] *Censure* is *judgment* in old language. This use of the word is well instanced in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, i. 2: "Should I say more, you well might *censure* me a flatterer."

[2] "O that my knowledge were less!"

[3] Spiders were commonly thought poisonous in Shakespeare's time; a belief not altogether extinct even now.

With violent hefts :[4] I've drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander :
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that I mistrusted : that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ;[5] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1 Lord. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. —
Give me the boy : I'm glad you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Herm. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come about her ;
Away with him ! — [*Exit* MAMILLIUS *with some of the* Guards.
You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest-honourable :
Praise her but for this her without-door form, —
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, — and straight

[4] *Hefts* is *heavings ;* the strainings of nausea. — *Gorge* is *throat* or *gullet.* So in *Hamlet*, v. 1 : "And now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my *gorge* rises at it."

[5] *Pinch'd thing* probably signifies a *puppet ;* puppets being moved or played by pinching them. Leontes means that others are making game of him, and sporting themselves in his dishonour.

The shrug, the hum, or ha, — these petty brands
That calumny doth use; — O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear[6]
Virtue itself; — these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere you can say *she's honest:* but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Herm. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A fedary[7] with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal.[8]

Herm. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,

[6] *Sear* has the sense of *brands*, second line before. The image is of burning marks upon the person with a hot iron.

[7] *Fedary* for *confederate*, *partner*, or *accomplice*. Repeatedly so.

[8] One that knows what she would be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.

You scarce can right me throughly[9] then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre[10] is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. — Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her's afar off guilty
But that he speaks.[11]

Herm. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the Heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall[12] dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The King's will be perform'd!

Leon. [*To the* Guards.] Shall I be heard?

Herm. Who is't that goes with me? — Beseech your Highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,

[9] *Throughly* and *thoroughly* are but different forms of the same word. To be thorough in a thing, or to do a thing thoroughly, is to *go through* it. — *To say* is here an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, and so is equivalent to *by saying*.

[10] *Centre* here is the *Earth*, which the old astronomy regarded as literally the centre of the solar system. The Copernican astronomy was not received in England till many years later. See page 47, note 21.

[11] The mere act of speaking in her behalf makes the speaker remotely guilty of her crime.

[12] *Shall* where we should use *will;* the two being often used indiscriminately in the Poet's time. Repeatedly so in this play.

My plight requires it. — Do not weep, good fools ; [13]
There is no cause : when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out : this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord :
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now
I trust I shall. — My women, come ; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies, *with* Guards.

1 Lord. Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your Queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I' the eyes of Heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife ; [14] I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

[13] *Fool* was much used as a term of loving, or playful, familiarity. So, in *King Lear*, v. 3, the old King says of his Cordelia, when he brings her in dead, "And my poor *fool* is hang'd."

[14] The meaning of this passage has been much disputed. The Poet often uses to *keep* for to *guard*, to *watch* ; and such is no doubt the meaning here. Dr. Ingleby, in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, says, and, I think, shows, that *keeping one's stable* was a familiar phrase in the Poet's time, meaning to keep personal watch over the fidelity of one's wife or one's mis-

Leon. Hold your peaces.[15]

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on,[16]
That will be damn'd for it; would I knew the villain,
I would lant-dam him.[17] Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold

tress. He aptly quotes from *Much Ado*, iii. 4: "Then, if your husband have *stables* enough, you'll look he shall lack no *barns*"; whereupon he remarks as follows: "Of course there is a pun on *barns;* and there is a like pun on *stables*, which like *barns* had two meanings. When we know that *stables* was the condition precedent to *barns*, we have already pretty nearly determined its cant meaning. But a man's stable may be kept by his wife, by himself, or by a third party: by the wife, if she be chaste; by the husband, if he be suspicious; by a third party, if she be unchaste and her husband be absent." Then, as an instance of the first, he quotes from Chapman's *All Fools*, iv. 2: "But, for your wife that *keeps the stable* of your honour, let her be lockt in a brazen towre, let Argus himselfe keepe her, yet can you never bee secure of your honour." Of course Dr. Ingleby regards the passage in the text as an instance of the second. It is hardly needful to remark how well this explanation accords with the context. For so the meaning comes thus: "I will trust my wife no further than I can see her; will myself, in my own person, keep watch and ward over her virtue, and not confide her to any other guardianship." See Critical Notes.

[15] *Peaces* where we should say *peace*. This use of the plural, when speaking to or of more than one person, was common in Shakespeare's time. So near the opening of this play: "We will be justified in our *loves*." And a little before in this scene: "Perchance shall dry your *pities*."

[16] A *putter-on*, as the word is here used, is an *instigator*. So the Poet repeatedly has to *put on* for to *incite*, to *instigate*, or to *set on*.—Here, as often, *abused* is *cheated*, *deceived*, or *practised upon*.

[17] Punishment by *lant-damming* would involve a peculiar sort of mutilation, and cause a slow and dreadful death. See Critical Notes.

As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing this, and see withal [*Grasping his arm.*
The instruments that you feel.[18]

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy Earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but[19] rather follow
Our forceful instigation?[20] Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which if you — or stupefied,

[18] "I see and feel my disgrace, as you now feel my doing this *to you*, and *as you now see* the instruments that you feel;" that is, *my fingers*.

[19] Shakespeare has divers instances of *but* so used as to be hardly reducible under any general rules: often in the adversative sense, often in the exceptive; and often with various shades of meaning lying between these two, and partaking, more or less, of them both. Here it seems to have the force of *and not*. Perhaps the instance nearest to this is in *Richard III.*, ii. 1: "Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate upon your Grace, *but* with all duteous love doth cherish you and yours, God punish me with hate in those where I expect most love." Here the meaning seems to be "*and doth not* cherish." Sometimes, however, *but* seems to have the force of *instead of*. So, in the passage just quoted, the sense may well be *instead of cherishing*, &c. And so in the text, "*instead of following* rather," &c. A like use of the word occurs in *Cymbeline*, iii. 6: "Were you a woman, I should woo hard *but* be your groom;" that is, "*rather than not* be your groom," or "rather than be any thing *except* your groom."

[20] *Instigation* is here to be taken in a good sense; "the strong prompting of our own judgment or understanding."

Or seeming so in skill[21] — cannot or will not
Relish as truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I do wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.[22]

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity, —
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,[23]
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed, — doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation, —
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, — I have dispatch'd in post[24]
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency:[25] now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me on. Have I done well?

[21] *Skill* in the sense of *art*, *craft*, or *cunning*.

[22] *Overture* is *disclosure*, or *publishment*. So in *King Lear*, iii. 7: "It was he that made the *overture* of thy treasons to us."

[23] To *touch* sometimes means to *stir*, to *move*, to *rouse*. So in *King Lear*, ii. 4: "*Touch* me with noble anger." — *Approbation*, in the next line, is *proof* or *attestation*. Repeatedly so.

[24] *In post* is in *haste;* with the speed of a postman.

[25] That is, of *full*, *ample*, or *complete ability*. See *Much Ado*, page 25, note 8.

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others ;[26] such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am. — [*Exit an* Attendant.
Good lady !
No Court in Europe is too good for thee ;
What dost thou, then, in prison ? —

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Jailer.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not ?

Jail. For a worthy lady,

[26] Observe, Leontes consults the oracle only for convincing others, not for correcting himself. And so, of course, he quarrels with the answer as soon as he finds it against him : if the god agree with him in opinion, all right ; if not, then he is no god.

And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Jail. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Jail. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now call her. —
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attend.

Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. — [*Exit* Jailer.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.[1] —

Re-enter Jailer, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: [2] on her frights and griefs, —
Which never tender lady hath borne greater, —

[1] As *defies palliation.* To *pass* is, in one sense, to *outstrip*, to *go beyond*, to *surpass*. To *colour* often means to *palliate*, to *disguise*, to *make specious.*

[2] An odd expression, but probably meaning "As well as is *consistent* with the state of one so high-minded and so desolate"; or of one so high-placed and cast down, so low. To *hold together*, to *stand together*, is to *be consistent*, and so to *be possible*.

She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes[3] i' the King, beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer;

[3] *Lunes*, I believe, is not met with in any other English writer; but is used in old French for *fits of lunacy* and *mad freaks*. It occurs again in *The Merry Wives*, iv. 2: "Why, woman, your husband is in his old *lunes* again." Also in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3: "Yea, watch his pettish *lunes*, his ebbs, his flows," &c.

Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer.

Jail. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great Nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Jail. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, — part o' the cause,
She the adultress; for the harlot King
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank

And level of my brain,[1] plot-proof; — but she
I can hook to me,[2] say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?

1 Atten. [*Advancing.*] My lord.

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Atten. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely; go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* 1 Attend.] — Fie, fie! no thought of him;[3]
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

[1] *Blank* is the white spot in the centre of the target; and *level* is *aim*, *direction*, or *reach*. The language of archery or gunnery.

[2] That is, "she *whom* I have within my grasp or reach." Such ellipses of pronouns are very frequent. — *Moiety*, next line, properly means *half*, but was used for *part* or *portion* generally.

[3] *Him* refers to Polixenes. — The Poet's art is wisely apparent in representing Leontes's mind as all disordered by jealousy into jerks and spasms. Collier informs us that Coleridge, in his lectures in 1815, "called this an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval."

Enter PAULINA, *with a* Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free[4] than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

2 Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips[5] for your Highness.

Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! — Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

[4] In old language *free* often occurs in the sense of *chaste, pure*. So in *Measure for Measure*, i. 2: "Whether thou art *tainted* or *free*."

[5] *Gossip* is an old word for *sponsor*, or *God-parent;* from *God* and *sib*, the latter meaning *kin*. A christening used to be a time for social jollity and good cheer; hence grew the present meaning of the word.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this, —
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, — trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come, —
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,[6]
Than such as most seem yours; — I say, I come
From your good Queen!

Leon. Good Queen!

Paul. Good Queen, my lord, good Queen; I say good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst[7] about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;

[6] The old meaning of to *comfort* is to *encourage*, *fortify*, or *make strong*. So in the *Litany:* "That it may please Thee to *comfort* and help the weak-hearted." And such is the right sense of *Comforter* as the English equivalent of *Paraclete*. In *Ephesians*, vi. 10, Wickliffe translates "be *coumfortid* in the Lord"; where our version has it, "be *strong* in the Lord." — *Evils*, in the text, means *wicked courses*.

[7] *Worst* here is *weakest, most unwarlike*. And so, in *King Kenry V.*, iii. 1, we have *best* used for *bravest:* "For Nym, he hath heard that men of the fewest words are the *best* men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a *coward*." — "*Make* her good" is *maintain* her to be good.

But first I'll do my errand. — The good Queen —
For she is good — hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the* Child.

Leon. Out!
A mankind[8] witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard! —
[*To* ANTIG.] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tired,[9] unroosted
By thy Dame Partlet here: take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.[10]

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forcèd baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

[8] *Mankind* was sometimes used for *masculine*. In *Junius' Nomenclator*, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman."

[9] *Henpecked*. To *tire* in falconry is to *tear* with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of *Reynard the Fox*. The term seems to have been proverbial for the wife of a *henpecked* husband.

[10] A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe;* and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman*.

Ant. I'm none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not —
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't — once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callet[11]
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits[12] me! — This brat is none of mine:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip;
The trick of's frown; his forehead; nay, the valleys,
The pretty dimples of's chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like the father of it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

[11] *Callet* is an old term of reproach applied to women. Skinner derives it from the French *calotte*, "a coife or half kerchief for a woman; also a little light cap or night-cap, worn under a hat." — "A trull, a drab, a jade," says Dyce.

[12] To *bait* is to *bark at*, *worry*, or *harass;* especially as in *bear-baiting*. So in *Macbeth*, v. 8: "And to be *baited* with the rabble's curse."

No yellow[13] in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag! —
And, losel,[14] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen —
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy — something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone. —
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better-guiding spirit![15] — What need these hands?

[13] *Yellow* was the colour of jealousy.

[14] "A *lozel*," says Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, "is one that hath *lost*, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd, and careless of credit and honesty." From the Anglo-Saxon *losian*, to lose. *Lorel* and *losel* are other forms of the same.

[15] Meaning, apparently, "a spirit who will guide her better, or take bet-

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: — farewell; we're gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child? away with't! — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony; or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard's brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can: — my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your Highness, give us better credit:
We've always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg, —
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, — that you do change this purpose;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel

ter care of her, than you whose daughter she is"; for *her*, I take it, must refer to *babe*.

And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live: —
It shall not neither. — [*To* ANTIGO.] You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose; at least, thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood that I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; see'st thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place[16]

commit it to some strange place

[16] "*Commend* it *strangely* to some place" means *commit* it to some *strange*, that is, *foreign*, place. Leontes maintains the child to be the offspring of a *foreigner*. The Poet has many such peculiarities, not to say loosenesses, of language. — *Commend* for *commit* occurs repeatedly. So in

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! — and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the* Child.

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

2 Atten. Please your Highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

iii. 2, of this play: "To the certain hazard of all incertainties himself *commended.*"

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Sicilia. A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES, DION, *and an* Attendant.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle;[1] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits —
Methinks I so should term them — and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen. — O, be't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.[2]
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,

[1] So in Greene's novel: "That it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noblemen whome he best trusted to the *Isle of Delphos*, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo." The Poet probably knew that Delphi was a *town*, and not an *island*.

[2] "The event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it." So in Florio's Montaigne, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle —
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up —
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — [*To* Attendant.] Go, — fresh horses: —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *discovered.*

Leon. This session — to our great grief, we pronounce — Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even[1] to th' guilt or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.

1 Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure that the Queen
Appear in person here in court.

Crier. Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

1 Offi. [Reads.] *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high*

[1] *Even* in the sense of *equally* or *indifferently.*

treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband: the pretence[2] *whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Herm. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: If Powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know —
Who least will seem to do so — my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators: for, behold me, —
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe[3]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, — here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it

[2] Shakespeare often uses *pretence* for *design* or *intention*. The usage was common. See *Macbeth*, page 93, note 52.

[3] *Owe* and *own* are but different forms of the same word.

As I weigh grief, which I would spare:[4] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine;
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd,[5] t' appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry *Fie* upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.[6]

Herm. That's true enough;

[4] "I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly be rid of, or free from."

[5] *Encounter* was formerly used for any sort of meeting or intercourse; and *uncurrent* must here be taken in the sense of *unlawful* or *unallowable*; that which has not the stamp of moral currency. — *Strain'd*, if it be the right word, is no doubt used here in the same sense as the substantive *strain* in *The Merry Wives*, ii. 1: "Unless he know some *strain* in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury." Also in iii. 3: "I would all of the same *strain* were in the same distress." Here *strain* evidently means some native streak, vicious trait, or inborn aptness to evil. So that the meaning in the text apparently is, "I appeal to your own conscience to specify by what improper act of intimacy, since he came, I have so far evinced an innate streak of evil, as to seem guilty of the sin you charge me with." — For this explanation I am mainly indebted to Mr. Joseph Crosby. See Critical Notes.

[6] The sense is somewhat entangled here; the construction being such as to leave it uncertain whether *less* is an adverb qualifying *wanted* or an adjective qualifying *impudence*. But *less* is doubtless to be taken in the latter

Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Herm. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, —
With whom I am accused, — I do confess
I loved him, as in honour he required;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know what
You've underta'en to do in's absence.

Herm. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level[7] of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:

way; so that the meaning comes thus: "I never heard that those who had impudence enough to be guilty of these bolder vices wanted the less impudence necessary for denying them."

[7] *Level*, again, as a term in gunnery for *range* or *line of aim*. The phrase, "I *levelled* at him," is still in use for "I *aimed* at him." See page 75, note 1.

You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it: as you were past all shame, —
Those of your fact are so, — so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, left to itself,
No father owning it, — which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it, — so thou
Shall feel our justice; in whose easiest passage [8]
Look for no less than death.

Herm. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug [9] which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: my second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, [10] is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a harlot; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before

[8] "Whose easiest passage" is whose *lightest sentence; whose* referring to *justice*. "Death is the mildest sentence that justice can pass upon you."

[9] The old meaning of *bug* survives in our *bugbear*. The word is Celtic, and properly signifies a ghost, goblin, or any thing that causes "terror by night." So, in Psalm xci. 5, Mathew's Bible, 1537, has "Thou shalt not be afraid for the *bug* by night." Here our authorized version reads "Thou shalt not be afraid for the *terror* by night."

[10] Ill-starred; born under an inauspicious planet.

I have got strength of limit.[11] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not: My life,
I prize it not a straw; but, for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: — therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Herm. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

1 Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by th' hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,

[11] "Strength of *limit*" is explained by Mason "the *limited degree* of strength necessary for persons in my situation." I suspect, however, that *of* is merely equivalent here to *by;* as the prepositions *by*, *of*, and *with* were often used indiscriminately. This would make the sense to be, "before I have got strength *by seclusion*."

Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. } All this we swear.
Dion. }

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

1 Offi. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now blessèd be the great Apollo!
Herm. Praisèd!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?
1 Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The session shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter an Attendant *hastily.*

Atten. My lord the King, the King!
Leon. What is the business?
Atten. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed,[12] is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Atten. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. — [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there!

[12] *Conceit* is used by Shakespeare for nearly all the forms of mental action. Here it seems to have the sense of *apprehension.* So that the meaning is, "with fearful apprehension of how the Queen's *fortune would turn* at the trial."

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. —

[*Exeunt* PAUL. *and* Ladies, *with* HERM.

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my Queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties [13] himself commended,
No richer than his honour.[14] How he glisters

rich only with honor

[13] So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "To know the certainty of things to come, wherein there is nothing so *certain* as our continual *uncertainty*." Lettsom quotes divers other passages, showing that such phraseology was common in the Poet's time.

[14] Meaning, apparently, enriched with nothing, or carrying no riches with him, but his honour.

Thorough[15] my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? what flaying, or what boiling
In lead or oil? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies, —
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, — O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,[16]
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,

[15] *Throughly* for *thoroughly* has occurred in this play. Here we have *thorough* for *through*. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1: "Over park, over pale, *thorough* flood, *thorough* fire."

[16] "Show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy." A similar expression occurs in Phaer's Virgil: "When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxèd wood*." Also in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, i.: "He doubted the philosopher of a Stoic would turn to be a Cynic."

To be or none or little ; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire [17] ere done't :
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts —
Thoughts high for one so tender — cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : but the last, — O lords,
When I have said, cry *Woe !* — the Queen, the Queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead ; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say she's dead ; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still Winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :
Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more :
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault

[17] Though a devil would have shed tears of pity *from amidst* the flames sooner than done such an act.

I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I'm sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I've show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief; do not revive affliction:
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd,[18] that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen, — lo, fool again!
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

[18] Meaning, apparently, "I beseech you, rather let me be punished as *at my own request*"; that is, at her request, and not as by the sentence of the King. In her struggle of feelings, Paulina, noble soul! is not altogether correct and classical in her language.

SCENE III. — *Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with the* Child, *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou'rt perfect,[1] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:
I've heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,

[1] Shakespeare has *perfect* repeatedly in the sense of *certain* or *well assured*. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 1: "I am *perfect* that the Pannonians and Dalmatians for their liberties are now in arms."

So fill'd and so o'er-running: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia;
There wend, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,[2]
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more: and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:[3]
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the* Child, *with a scroll*
There lie; and there thy character:[4] there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*

[2] *Perdita* is a Latin word literally meaning *lost.*

[3] *Toys*, as the word is here used, are *trifles*, *fancies*, or things of no importance.

[4] This *character* is the *description*, a written scroll, afterwards found with Perdita.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,[5]
[*Thunder.*
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. — A savage clamour!
[*Noise of* hunters, *dogs, and bears within.*
Well may I get aboard! — This is the chase:
I'm gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but these boil'd brains[6] of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browzing of ivy. — [*Seeing the* Child.] Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A god, or a child,[7] I wonder? A pretty one; a

[5] *Wretch* was the strongest expression of tenderness or endearment in the language. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so.

[6] Love, madness, and melancholy are imaged by Shakespeare under the figure of *boil'd brains*, or *boiling brains*. Here the phrase means the same as our "mad-brained youth." See *The Tempest*, page 135, note 10.

[7] The best comment on this is furnished by Greene's novel: "The Shepherd, who before had never seen so fair a babe nor so rich jewels, thought

very pretty one: sure, some 'scape:[8] though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. — Whoa, ho, hoa!

Clo. [*Within.*] Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter the Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up[9] the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and then not to see 'em; now the ship boring the Moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then, for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But, to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:[10] but, first, how the poor

assuredly that it was some *little god*, and began with great devotion to knock on his breast. The babe, who writhed with the head to seek for the pap, began again to cry afresh, whereby the poor man knew it was *a child*."

[8] '*Scape* here means a *secret lapse* or *transgression*; "an *escape* from the limits of rule, a trick, a wanton deviation," says Nares.

[9] *Take up* appears to be used something in the sense of *devour*; as in *Hamlet*, iv. 2: "The ocean, overpeering of his list, *eats* not the flats with more impetuous haste," &c.

[10] That is, swallowed it, as topers did *flap-dragons*, which were some in-

souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the nobleman!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her: [*Aside.*] there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth [11] for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling: [12] open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: [13] if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so; up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way.[14] We are

flammable substances set on fire, put afloat in the liquor, and gulped down blazing.

[11] The mantle of fine cloth, in which a child was carried to be baptized.

[12] In the olden time the fairies had a naughty custom of stealing away fine, bright children, and leaving ugly or stupid ones in their stead. Both the child so stolen and the child so left were called *changelings*. Here the changeling is the child stolen. The old poets have many allusions to this sharp practice of the fairy nation. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, page 40, note 5.

[13] To *make* a man is, in old language, to set him up in the world, or to endow him with wealth. See *The Tempest*, page 93, note 9.

[14] "The *next* way" is the *nearest* way. Often so.

lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[15] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *as* Chorus.

Time. I — that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; [1] since it is in my power

[15] *Curst* here signifies *mischievous*. An old adage says, "*Curst* cows have short horns."

[1] Leave unexamined the progress of the time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story. The reasoning of Time is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who overthrows every thing, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of his own making.

To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness'd too
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,—
Th' effects of his fond[2] jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,[3]
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well
A mention'd son o' the King's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering:[4] what of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth: a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

[2] Shakespeare continually uses *fond* in the sense of *foolish*.

[3] The order, according to the sense, appears to be something thus: "Imagine me leaving Leontes, *who* so *grieves* th' effects of his fond jealousies that he shuts up himself," &c.

[4] That is, grown so beautiful, or so far in beauty, as to be a proper object of wonder or admiration.

SCENE I. — *Bohemia.* *A Room in the Palace of* POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Polix. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Polix. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, — as too much I cannot, — to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King, my brother; whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious,[1] than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have

[1] *Gracious* here means in a state of *heavenly grace* or *favour*. So in ii. 3, of this play: "A gracious innocent soul, more free than he is jealous."

musingly noted,[2] he is of late much retired from Court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Polix. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Polix. That's likewise part of my intelligence; and I fear the angle[3] that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question[4] with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Polix. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] To *muse* is old language for to *wonder:* so that to *note musingly* is to *observe* with wonder or surprise.

[3] *Angle* for the *bait*, or hook and line, that draws his son away, as an angler draws a fish. To *pluck* for to *pull* occurs frequently.

[4] Here, as often, *question* is *talk* or *conversation.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Road near the* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer, —
With, hey! the doxy over the dale, —
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the Winter's pale.[1]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing! —
Doth set my pugging[2] *tooth on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants, —
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay, —
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[3]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[4] but now I am out of service:

[Sings.] *But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?*
The pale Moon shines by night:

[1] *Pale* is used here in a double sense, as referring to the *pale colours* of Winter, and as we still say "the *pale* of fashion," and "the *pale* of the Church." "English *pale*" and "Irish *pale*" were common expressions in the Poet's time. The meaning in the text is well explained by Heath: "For, though the Winter is not quite over, the red blood resumes its genial vigour. The first appearance of the daffodil in the fields is at the latter end of Winter, where it joins the Spring."

[2] A *puggard* was a cant name for some kind of thief. In *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, we have, "Cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*." *Pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces.

[3] *Aunt* was sometimes used as a cant term for a loose woman.

[4] *Velvet* was valued according to the *pile*, three-pile being the richest.

And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,[5]
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks[6] *avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[7] My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly-cheat:[8] gallows and knock are too powerful on the highways; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

Enter the Clown.

Clo. Let me see: Every 'leven wether tods;[9] every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.[10]

[5] The wallet, or bag, made of swine-skin, in which tinkers carried their tools and materials.

[6] A common engine in which certain offenders were punished; being fastened by the ankles, and sitting with their legs in a horizontal position.

[7] Autolycus means that his practice was to *steal* sheets, leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests. The Autolycus of classic legend was the son of Mercury, and the maternal grandfather of Ulysses the Crafty. He lived on Mount Parnassus, and was famed for his cunning in robberies.

[8] The *silly-cheat* is one of the slang terms belonging to *coney-catching* or *thievery*. It is supposed to have meant *picking of pockets*.

[9] Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20*s*. or 22*s*. in 1581.

[10] *Springe* is *snare* or *trap*. The woodcock is the bird meant; which was said to have no brains, it being a very silly bird, and easily caught.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currents;[11] rice, — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, — three-man song-men[12] all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means[13] and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.[14] I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies;[15] mace; dates, — none, that's out of my note;[16] nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, — but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.[17]

Aut. [*Lying on the ground.*] O, that ever I was born!

Clo. I' the name of me, —

[11] This is commonly understood and printed as if the Clown were reading from a note, which he is probably too unsophisticated to be guilty of. No doubt he is speaking from memory.

[12] So called because they sang rounds or glees in three parts.

[13] The *mean* was an intermediate part between the treble and the tenor; so named because it served as a mean, or a harmonizing medium: sometimes called counter-tenor.

[14] These were probably much the same as what in our day are sometimes called "Geneva jigs." It would seem that even so early as Shakespeare's time the notion had been taken up and carried out, of turning hornpipes, jigs, &c., into sacred music by setting religious words to them.

[15] *Wardens* are a large sort of pear, called in French *Poires de Garde*, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wearden*, to preserve. They are now called *baking-pears*, and are generally coloured with *cochineal* instead of *saffron* as of old.

[16] "Out of my *note*" probably does not mean his written list, but not among the things *noted* down in his memory. See page 39, note 5.

[17] "*Race* of ginger" here means, apparently, *root* of ginger; though it is said to have been used sometimes for a *package*. — "*Raisins* of the sun" is the old name for what are now called raisins simply. Probably so called because they were grapes dried in the sun.

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service.[18] Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

[18] The Clown quibbles on *footman* and *horseman*, using them here as military terms. A mounted soldier must have been in a hard fight, to have his coat so spoiled.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: [19] I knew him once a servant of the Prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the Court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the Court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[20]

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, — a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion [21] of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig,[22] for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run.

[19] The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house. In Jones's *Treatise on Buckstone Bathes:* "The ladyes, &c., if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits: the pasime *troule in madame* is called." It is a corruption of *trou-madame.*

[20] Will only *sojourn*, or *put up* for short time. *But* with the force of *than.* See *Twelfth Night*, page 41, note 1.

[21] *Motion* is the old name of a puppet-show; so used even as late as Fielding's time. In his *Jonathan Wild*, he says the master of a puppet-show "wisely keeps out of sight; for, should he once appear, the whole *motion* would be at an end." — *Compass'd* is *obtained.*

[22] *Prig* was another cant phrase for the order of thieves. Harman, in his *Caveat for Cursetor*, 1573, calls a horse-stealer "a *prigger* of prancers; for to *prigge* in their language is to *steale.*"

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee [23] on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit* Clown.]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,[24] and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Sings.] *Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,*
And merrily hent[25] *the stile-a:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

Scene III. — *The Same. A Lawn before a* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds [1] to each part of you

[23] "Shall I *attend* or *escort* thee?" So *bring* was often used.

[24] *Unroll'd* is struck off the roll, or expelled the fraternity of rogues.

[25] To *hent* is to *take;* from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan.* — These lines are part of a catch printed in "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of witty Ballads, jovial Songs, and merry Catches."

[1] *Weeds* is an old word for *clothes* or *dress.* The Prince alludes to the floral trimmings, which make Perdita seem a kind of multitudinous flower;

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[2] it not becomes me;
O, pardon that I name them! your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land,[3] you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom,[4] I should blush
To see you so attirèd; more, I think,
To see myself i' the glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference[5] forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

all the adornings taking fresh life from her, and only diffusing the grace which they strive to eclipse, as if they were the proper outgrowth of her being.

[2] She means his extravagance in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

[3] The object of all men's notice and expectation.

[4] "Digest it with a custom" means, take it as natural, or think nothing of it, because they are used to it.

[5] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers.

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power o' the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune.

Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter the Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised; the* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and other* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome;[6] for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* POLIX.] Welcome, sir:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. — [*To* CAM.] You're welcome, sir. —
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the Winter long:

[6] "These friends unknown to us," is the meaning.

Grace and remembrance be to you both,[7]
And welcome to our shearing!

Polix. Shepherdess, —
A fair one are you, — well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter, — the fair'st flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,[8]
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Polix. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For[9] I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating Nature.[10]

Polix. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, even that art

[7] These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."

[8] Spelt *gillyvors* in the original, and probably so pronounced at the time. Dyce thinks it should be retained as "an old form of the word." Douce says, "*Gelofer*, or *gillofer* was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams; from the French *girofle*."

[9] *For* was often used where we should use *because*.

[10] It would seem that variegated gilliflowers were produced by cross-breeding of two or more varieties; as variegated ears of corn often grow from several sorts of corn being planted together. The gardener's art whereby this was done might properly be said to share with creating Nature. Douce says that "Perdita connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time."

Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend Nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature.[11]

Per. So it is.

Polix. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;[12]
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well. — Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' Sun,
And with him rises weeping:[13] these are flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they're given
To men of middle age. Ye're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,

[11] This identity of Nature and Art is thus affirmed by Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

[12] Perdita is too guileless to take the force of Polixenes' reasoning; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. — *Dibble* was the name of an instrument for making holes in the ground to plant seeds or to set plants in.

[13] The marigold here meant is the *sun-flower*. Thus spoken of in Lupton's *Notable Things:* "Some call it *Sponsus Solis*, the Spowse of the Sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him."

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the Spring that might
Become your time of day; — and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenhoods growing: — O Proserpina,
For th' flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon! [14] golden daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take [15]
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; [16] pale primroses,

[14] "From Dis's wagon" means *at the coming of* Dis's wagon. — In Shakespeare's time *wagon* was often used where we should use *chariot;* its application not being confined to the coarse common vehicle now called by that name. So in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab: "Her *wagoner*, a small gray-coated gnat"; where later usage would require *charioteer*. — The story how, at the approach of Dis in his chariot, Proserpine, affrighted, let fall from her lap the flowers she had gathered, is told in the fifth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* familiar to the Poet, no doubt, in Golding's translation, 1587.

[15] To *take* here means to *captivate*, to *entrance*, or ravish with delight. We have a similar thought in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2: "Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that the *winds were love-sick* with them."

[16] "The beauties of Greece and some Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, &c., mentioned by Athenæus. Of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets *dim*, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded." Such is the common explanation of the passage. But I suspect the sweetness of Juno's eyelids, as Shakespeare conceived them, was in the look, not in the odour. Much the same sweetness is ascribed to the sleeping Imogen's eyelids, in *Cymbeline*, ii. 2: "These

That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips [17] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, — not to be buried,
But quick,[18] and in mine arms. — Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done.[19] When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own

windows — white and azure — laced with blue of heaven's own tinct." — Probably violets are called *dim*, because their colour is soft and tender, not bold and striking. Or the epithet may have reference to the *shyness* of that flower; as in Wordsworth's well-known lines, "A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."

[17] The epithet *bold* in this place is justified by Steevens, on the ground that "the *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the Sun. Wallis, in his *History of Northumberland*, says that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high."

[18] *Quick* in its original sense of *living* or *alive*, as in the Nicene Creed: "To judge both the *quick* and dead."

[19] *Surpasses* what is done. So the Poet often uses to *better*.

No other function. Each your doing is
So singular in each particular,
Crowning what you have done i' the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.[20]

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill[21] to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't.[22] But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Polix. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: [23] good sooth, she is

[20] The idea pervading this exquisite speech evidently is, that Perdita does every thing so charmingly, that her latest doing always seems the best. Thus each later deed of hers is aptly said to *crown* what went before; and all her acts are made queens in virtue of this coronation.

[21] *Skill* was often used in the sense of *cunning* or *knowledge;* here it means *reason*, apparently, as Warburton explained it. So in Warner's *Albions England*, 1606:

> Our queen deceas'd conceal'd her heir,
> I wot not for what *skill*.

[22] "To *put* you to't" is to *give* you *cause* or *occasion for* it.

[23] Donne gives the sense of this very choicely in his *Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury:*

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners. Come, strike up!

[*Music. A dance of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Polix. Pray you, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[24] I but have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the Moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Polix. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought.

[24] *Worthy feeding* has been rightly explained "a valuable tract of pasturage; such as might be a *worthy* offset to Perdita's dower." So in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*

Finding the *feeding*, for which he had toil'd
To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings;*[25] *jump her and thump her:* and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape[26] into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*[27]

Polix. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any embroided[28] wares?

[25] "With a hie *dildo* dill, and a *dildo* dee" is the burden of an old ballad or two. *Fading* is also another burden to a ballad found in Shirley's *Bird in a Cage.* It is also the name given to an Irish dance, probably from *fædan*, I whistle, as it was danced to the pipes.

[26] *Jape* is *jest.* The word does not occur again in Shakespeare, but is met with in several old writers. So in Coriat's *Verses prefixed:*

> The pilfering pastime of a crue of apes,
> Sporting themselves with their conceited *japes.*

[27] A ballad *to the tune of* "Oh! do me no harm, good man," is given in *The Famous History of Friar Bacon.*

[28] *Embroided* is a shortened form of *embroidered;* here used, apparently, in the general sense of *ornamented* or *ornamental.*

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points[29] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,[30] cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.[31]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [*Exit* Servant.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.[32]

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;

[29] A rather witty pun upon *points*, which was a term for the tags used to fasten or hold up the dress. So in *1 Henry IV.*, also with a pun: "Their *points* being broken, down fell their hose." See *Twelfth Night*, p. 44, note 3.

[30] *Inkle* was a kind of *tape*. — *Caddis* is explained by Malone "a narrow worsted galloon."

[31] *Sleeve-hand*, the cuffs or wristband; the *square*, the work about the bosom. The bosom-part of the chemise, as appears from old pictures and engravings, was often ornamented with embroidery.

[32] *Wish* or *care* to think is the meaning.

Pins and poking-sticks of steel,[33]
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but, being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets [34] where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[35] to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clammer your tongues,[36] and not a word more.

[33] These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be of gold." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks*, and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

[34] *Placket* has been variously explained. Sometimes it appears to have meant an *apron*. According to Halliwell, the term is still in use for a *petty-coat*, and in some places for a *shift*, a *slit* in the pettycoat, a *pocket*, &c.

[35] The fire-place for drying malt was a favourite place for gossipping.

[36] In reference to the strange word *clammer*, Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me as follows: "It is a pure North-of-England provincialism. The original word *clam*, or *clamm*, means to *choke up*, to stick or fasten together; and

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.[37]

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a-life,[38] for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.[39]

Mop. Is it true, think you?

our word *clammy* comes from the same root. I have heard the expression, 'The mill is *clammed*,' that is, *stopped*, because the 'race,' that is, the stream of water driving it, 'is choked up.' It is strange, I think, that our common word *clammy* never suggested the origin and meaning of *clam* or *clammer* to any of the Editors. It exactly corresponds to our American slang phrase *dry up*. I have, myself, heard *clammed* used of a person *starved with hunger;* meaning that his bowels were so empty that they *clammed* or stuck together." — Sometimes the word was spelt *clem;* and in further illustration of the point, I quote a passage from Massinger's *Roman Actor*, ii. 1: "And yet I, when my entrails were *clemm'd* with keeping a perpetual fast, was deaf to their loud windy cries." See Critical Notes.

[37] A *tawdry-lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches. So in *The Faithful Shepherdess:* "The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Kalendar*, mentions it as an ornament for the waist: "And gird your waste, for more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*." *Tawdries* is used sometimes for *necklaces* in general. — Sweet or perfumed gloves are often mentioned by Shakespeare.

[38] *A-life* is *as my life, mightily.* — That any one should be sure a thing is true because of its being in print, seems rather odd to us.

[39] *Carbonado'd* is *slashed* or *cut across*, as a piece of meat for broiling. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.[40]

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you!

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?* Mop. *O, whither?* Dor. *Whither?*

[40] All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books, "A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither.*

Mop. *Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill:*
Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Aut. *Neither.* Dor. *What, neither?* Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad[41] talk, and we'll not trouble them. — Come, bring away thy pack after me. — Wenches, I'll buy for you both. — Pedler, let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls. [*Exit with* DORCAS *and* MOPSA.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. —

[Sings.] *Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,*
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedler; money's a meddler,
That doth utter[42] *all men's ware-a?* [Exit.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three goat-herds, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made them-

[41] *Sad* for *earnest* or *serious;* a common usage of the time.

[42] A *meddler* is a *busybody*, one who has his finger in every one's dish. — To *utter*, as the word is here used, is to *publish*, to *offer for sale*, or to *make current*. Here the word is used as a causative verb, or in the sense of causing things to pass from hand to hand.

selves all men of hair ; [43] they call themselves Saltiers : [44] and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry [45] of gambols, because they are not in't ; but they themselves are o' the mind, — if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, — it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away ! we'll none on't : here has been too much homely foolery already. — I know, sir, we weary you.

Polix. You weary those that refresh us : pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the King ; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[46]

Shep. Leave your prating : since these good men are pleased, let them come in ; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. *Exit.*

Enter twelve Rustics *habited like Satyrs, who dance, and then exeunt.*

Polix. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.[47] — [*To* CAM.] Is it not too far gone ? 'Tis time to part them. He's simple and tells much. — How now, fair shepherd ! Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

[43] It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. Bacon, Essay 37, says of antimasques, "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs*, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

[44] *Saltiers* is probably the Servant's blunder for *satyrs*.

[45] A *gallimaufry* is a *medley, jumble*, or *hotchpotch*.

[46] *Squire* or *square* was in common use for a carpenter's measuring-rule.

[47] This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

And handled love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, — this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiop's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By th' northern blasts twice o'er.

Polix. What follows this? —
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! — I've put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Polix. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he; and men, the Earth, the Heavens, and all:
That — were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's — I would not prize them

Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.[48] destruction
Polix. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain!—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.
Polix. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you:
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Polix. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Polix. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;

[48] That is, *commit* them to her service, or condemn them to their own *destruction*. See page 82, note 16.

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate? [49]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Polix. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife; [50] but as good reason
The father — all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity — should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Polix. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Polix. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not. —
Mark our contráct.
Polix. [*Discovering himself.*] Mark your divorce, young sir,

[49] That is, reason or converse about his own affairs. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3: "Let me *dispute* with thee of thy estate."

[50] It is reason, or reasonable, that my son should choose, &c.

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I'm sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou copest with, —

Shep. O, my heart!

Polix. — I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, — as never
I mean thou shalt, — we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far'[51] than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the Court. — Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment, —
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,

[51] *Far'*, in the old spelling, *farre*, that is, *farther*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. This in the time of Chaucer was softened into *ferre*: "Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*."

The selfsame Sun that shines upon his Court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on's alike. — [*To* Flo.] Will't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine, —
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep.[52]

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — [*To* Flo.] O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones! but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.[53] — [*To* Perdi.] O cursèd wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I've lived
To die when I desire.[54] [*Exit.*

[52] Coleridge says, "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" For my part, I should say, how more than exquisite is every thing about this unfledged angel!

[53] In the old burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

[54] Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks: —
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy: [55] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish honesty in the treatment of his foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch, by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.

[55] Here, as often, *fancy* means *love*.

If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, — as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more, — cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver: I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most oppórtune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!

Flo. Hark, Perdita. — [*Taking her aside.*
[*To* CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by-and-by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,

And that unhappy King my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with serious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You've heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And, through him, what is near'st to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, — from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forfend! your ruin; — marry her;
And — with my best endeavours in your absence —
Your discontenting[56] father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

[56] *Discontenting* for *discontented;* an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See *The Tempest*, page 60, note 59.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do,[57] so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows: If you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself and your fair Princess —
For so I see she must be — 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him and to give him comfort. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,

[57] This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. — *Guilty to*, though it sound harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakespeare. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2:

> But, lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong,
> I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I'm bound to you:
There is some sap in this.[58]
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another:[59]
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.[60]
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as

[58] Where there is *sap* there is *life*, and while there is *life* there is *hope*. The phrase was common, and occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13: "There's *sap* in't yet."

[59] That is, "as you shake off one *misery*, you are *sure* to take on another." In what follows, Camillo means that it is better to steer for some fixed harbourage than to sail at random.

[60] Here, as often, to *take in* is to *conquer* or *subdue*.

I' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo, —
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our House! — how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear so in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed,[61] as if
The scene you play'd were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,[62] ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they

[61] *Appointed*, here, is *furnished* or *accoutred*. Often so, both the verb and the noun.

[62] *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Phillips. They were used as amulets against the plague or other infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury. — A *table-book* was a set of tablets, to be carried in the pocket, for writing memoranda upon.

throng'd who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[63] and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture;[64] and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My clown — who wants but something to be a reasonable man — grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes[65] till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: I would[66] have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub[67] against his daughter and the King's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes, —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy[68] be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

[63] This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.

[64] *In picture* seems to be used here as a sort of equivoque; the sense of *in picking* being implied.

[65] The sense of *pettitoes* is *petty toes;* here used humorously for *feet.*

[66] *Would* for *could.* The auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would*, were very often used indiscriminately. So later in this scene: "About his son, that *should* have married a shepherd's daughter"; *should* for *would.* See *The Tempest*, page 83, note 30.

[67] *Whoobub* is an old equivalent for *hubbub.*

[68] *Happy* in the sense of *prosperous*, *fortunate*, or *successful;* like the Latin *felix.* Repeatedly so.

Cam. [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.] Who have we here?
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now, — why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore disease thee instantly, — thou must think there's a necessity in't, — and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [*Giving money.*

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. — [*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentlemen is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? — [*Aside.*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[FLORIZEL *and* AUTOLYCUS *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to ye![69] — you must retire yourself[70]
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

[69] "May my use of the word *fortunate* be prophetic, and come home to you as such!"

[70] "*Withdraw* yourself." So the Poet often uses *retire*.

Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may —
For I do fear eyes over us — to shipboard
Get undescried.
Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat. —
[*Giving it to* PERDITA.
Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.
Aut. Adieu, sir.
Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*
Cam. [*Aside.*] What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
Flo. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do

this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.—

Re-enter the Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the King: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[71] [*Takes off his false beard.*] — How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[72]

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.[73]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-

[71] *Excrement*, from the Latin *excresco*, was applied to such outgrowths of the human body as hair, nails, &c. See *The Merchant*, page 142, note 16.

[72] To *give one the lie* commonly meant to *accuse him of lying*, or to *call him a liar*. But Autolycus appears to be punning on the phrase, using it in the sense of dealing in lies, or cheating by means of falsehood, as he himself has often done in selling his wares. Giving the lie in this sense is paid with money, and not with stabbing, as it is in the other sense. And, in lying his customers out of their cash, Autolycus has had his lies well *paid for*; therefore he did not *give* them the lie.

[73] "Taken with the manner" is an old phrase for taken *in the act*.

contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touse[74] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant,[75] cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet Nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*Aside to* Clo.] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall

[74] "Think'st thou, *because I wind myself into* thee, or *draw* from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?" To *touse* is to pluck or draw out. As to *touse* or teize wool, *Carpere lanam.*

[75] It appears that pheasants were in special favour as presents of game to persons in authority, when any thing was wanted of them. Halliwell aptly illustrates the text by the following from the *Journal* of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, Solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10*s.*; and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with *two brace of pheasants*, 10*s.*"

know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[76] let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane[77] to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it[78] be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son; who shall be flay'd alive; then,

[76] That is, if he be not at large *under bonds* to appear and answer on a given day. *Hand-fast* is here equivalent to *main-prize.*

[77] *Germane* is *related* or *akin;* used both of persons and of things.

[78] The doubling of the subject in relative clauses, as *which* and *it* in this place, is common in the old writers; and sometimes happens with good writers even now, though probably through inadvertence. So, again, in the next scene: "*Which* that *it* shall, is all as monstrous," &c.

'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's-nest; there stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,[79] shall he be set against a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me — for you seem to be honest plain men — what you have to the King: being something gently considered,[80] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] He seems to be of great authority: close with him; give him gold: an though[81] authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, *stoned*, and *flay'd alive*.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. — Are you a party in this business?

[79] Meaning the hottest day predicted by the almanac. Malone says, "Almanacs were in Shakespeare's time published under this title: 'An Almanack and *Prognostigation* made for the year of our Lord God 1575.'"

[80] "Gently considered" here means *liberally bribed*. The use of *consideration* for *recompense* has been made familiar to readers of romance by old Trapbois, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

[81] *An though* is here equivalent, apparently, to *although*.

Clo. In some sort, sir: but, though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.[82]

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King, and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. — Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. [*Aside to* Shep.] We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. [*Aside to* Clo.] Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, — gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which who knows but luck may turn to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

[82] The Clown, however uncorrupted with the sophistications of pen and ink, and though he may "have a mark to himself, like an honest plain-dealing man," is no clod-pole: his pun on *case* in this instance is something keen.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the Heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
Kill'd!—she I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?[1]
What holier than — for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting[2] her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,

[1] *Is well* is an old phrase for *is dead;* that is, *happy*, or *at rest.* So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5: "We use to say *the dead are well.*"

[2] *Respecting*, here, is *in comparison with;* the only instance, I think, of the word so used. But the Poet often has *in respect of* in just the same sense. See *As You Like It*, page 81, note 13.

Oppose against their wills. — [*To* LEON.] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to th'[3] worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Thou good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage —
Where we offend her now — appear, soul-vex'd,
And begin, *Why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

[3] This elision of *the*, so as to make it coalesce with the preceding word into one syllable, has occurred many times in this play, and ought, perhaps, to have been noted before. So we have *by th'*, *do th'*, *for th'*, *from th'*, *on th'*, *wi' th'*, and others. See *The Tempest*, page 47, note 16.

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront[4] his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, —

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir, —
No remedy, but you will, — give me the office
To choose your Queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princess, — she
The fair'st I've yet beheld, — desires access

[4] *Affront* is *meet* or *encounter*. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: "That he, as 'twere by accident, may here *affront* Ophelia." And in *Cymbeline:* "Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of." Lodge, in the Preface to his *Translation of Seneca*, says, "No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemie."

To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His Princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the Sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave [5]
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, — but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, — *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd. Thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, — your pardon;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; [6] make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman

[5] This, if the text be right, must mean, as Edwards observes, "thy beauties, which are buried in the grave"; the *container* for the *contained.*

[6] Put them out of heart and hope by surpassing them.

More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. [*Exeunt* CLEO. *and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come. —

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air,[7] that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess-goddess! O, alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do! and then I lost —
All mine own folly — the society,

[7] *Air* for *look, appearance,* or *total expression.* So in the preceding scene: "See'st thou not the *air* of the Court in these enfoldings?"

Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.[8]

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[9]
Can send his brother: and, but[10] infirmity —
Which waits upon worn times — hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves —
He bade me say so — more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman, the wrongs I've done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behindhand slackness! — Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to th' fearful usage —
At least ungentle — of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,[11]

[8] Here we have a relative clause with the *object* doubled, *whom* and *him*. See page 144, note 78. — The meaning in the text is, "whom I desire to live to see again, though life is a misery to me."

[9] *At friend* is plainly equivalent to *on terms of friendship*. And why not *at friend* as well as "at feud"? which is a common phrase.

[10] The exceptive *but;* equivalent to *be out that*, or *but that*. Often so. See *The Tempest*, page 47, note 16.

[11] We should say, "my good lord." But such inversions occur continually in Shakespeare, and other writers of his time. So we have "gentle my brother," "sweet my sister." "dear my mother," "gracious my lord," &c.

She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your Highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessèd gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy [12] father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
As he from Heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

[12] *Holy* for *just*, *righteous*, or *good*. Often so. See *The Tempest*, page 135, note 11.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has —
His dignity and duty both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastening, — in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, — meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.[13] Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father! —
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;

[13] *Question*, again, for *talk* or *conversation*. See page 104, note 4.

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.[14]

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That *once*, I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — Beseech you, sir,
Remember since[15] you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month

[14] An obscure passage; but probably meaning that the *liklihood* or *chance* of success in a "course of true love" is the same for all ranks of people. *Odds* is, properly, the difference between two or more things; hence it not unnaturally draws into the sense of *probability*. We have a like use of *odds* in *Cymbeline*, v. 2: "If thy gentry, Britain, go before this lout as he exceeds our lords, the *odds* is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods."

[15] *Since* where present usage requires *when*, and meaning *the time when*. Repeatedly so. See *A Midsummer*, page 46, note 23.

'Fore your Queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.[16] — [*To* FLORIZEL.] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make:[17] come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Before the Palace of* LEONTES.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

[16] The Poet seems rather fond of the idea here suggested. The reason why Leontes takes so quickly and so strongly to Perdita is, because he instinctively and unconsciously recognises in her a new edition, as it were, of Hermione. He cannot keep his eyes off the stranger, and while looking on her cannot keep his thoughts off her mother, as if he almost felt the presence of the one in the other. The same thing occurs between the exiled Duke and the disguised Rosalind in *As You Like It;* also between the King and the disguised Imogen in *Cymbeline*. Scott has a very charming instance of the same subtile tricks of association in *The Antiquary*, where Oldbuck's heart goes out instantly to Lovell on first meeting with him; and he cannot imagine why it is so until, near the end, he finds Lovell to be the son of a woman whom he had tenderly loved, and whose sad death he had deeply mourned, many years before.

[17] "Observe how I speed," or "what progress I make."

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration:[1] they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance[2] were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be. Here comes a gentleman that happily[3] knows more. —

Enter another Gentleman.

The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the King's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. —

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so

[1] Were *real* signs and tokens of *wonder*. *Very*, for *veritable* or *true*, occurs repeatedly; as also *admiration* for *wonder*, the classical sense of the word. See *The Tempest*, page 140, note 29.

[2] *Importance* for *import*, the thing *imported* or *meant*. The word is so used again in *Cymbeline*, i. 5: "Upon *importance* of so slight and trivial a nature." Also in Bishop Stillingfleet's *Rational Account*, Part i., chapter 7: "Men cannot come to the natural sense and *importance* of the words used in Scripture, unless they rely on the authority of men for the signification of those words."

[3] The Poet often uses *happily* for *haply*, that is, *perhaps*.

like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the King found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant[4] by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;[5] the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection[6] of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences, — proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping[7]

[4] *Pregnant* here means *full of proof, convincing:* several times used thus by Shakespeare; as in *Othello*, ii. 1: "It is a most *pregnant* and unforced position."

[5] *Character* for *handwriting*. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "*Laer.* Know you the *hand? King.* 'Tis Hamlet's *character*." And in the Poet's 59th Sonnet: "Since mind at first in *character* was done."

[6] *Affection* in one of the classical senses of the verb to *affect;* that is, native tendency, bent of mind, aspiration, or aptitude.

[7] To *embrace* is one of the old senses of to *clip*. See *The Tempest*, page 120, note 15.

her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit[8] of many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: she lifted the Princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing her.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes — caught the water, though not the fish — was when, at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to't, — bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, — how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an

[8] *Conduit* is *fountain;* and figures of men and women, in bronze or marble, were often used for fountains. See *As You Like It*, page 112, note 13.

Alas, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the Court?

3 Gent. No: the Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity,[9] and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed[10] house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

[9] *Eternity* here means *immortality*. It would seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age: Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady*, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city.

> *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> *Sir Moth.* And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
> *Rut.* That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
> Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism*. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

[10] *Removed* is *retired*, *solitary*, or *sequestered*. Repeatedly so. See *As You Like It*, page 91, note 42.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince;[11] told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but, he at that time over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, — so he then took her to be, — who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for, had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter the Shepherd *and* Clown, *richly dressed.*

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: — but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother and the Princess my sister

[11] That is, aboard Prince Florizel's *ship*. In iv. 3, the Prince says to Camillo, "most oppórtune to our need I have a vessel rides fast by," &c.

call'd my father father: and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate[12] as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: — and I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,[13] and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not

[12] *Estate* and *state* were used interchangeably. *Preposterous* is the Clown's blunder, perhaps intentional, for *prosperous:* for this Clown is a most Shakespearian compound of shrewdness and simplicity, and has something of the "allowed Fool" in his character; by *instinct*, of course.

[13] A *bold, courageous* fellow. Autolycus chooses to understand the phrase in one of its senses, which was that of *nimble handed*, working with his hands, a fellow skilled in thievery. See *Twelfth Night*, page 35, note 4.

wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. [*Trumpets within.*] Hark! the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture.[14] Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.[15]

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. — *The Same. A Chapel in* Paulina's *House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but, that you have vouchsafed,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble.[1] But we came

[14] The words *picture* and *statue* were sometimes used indiscriminately; which Collier thinks may have grown from the custom of painting statues. So in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody:*

> Your ship, in which all the king's *pictures* were,
> From Brute unto our Queen Elizabeth,
> *Drawn in white marble*, by a storm at sea
> Is wreck'd, and lost.

[15] It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superior to be *good lord* or *good master* to the supplicant. So, in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 3, Falstaff says to Prince John, "I beseech you, when you come to the Court, *stand my good lord*"; that is, "be my friend or patron."

[1] *Trouble*, and not *honour*, is the emphatic word here. "The honour we are doing you puts you to trouble." A similar thought occurs in *Macbeth*,

To see the statue of our Queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[PAULINA *draws back a curtain, and discovers* HERMIONE *standing as a statue.*

I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; — first, you, my liege:
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, — for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Polix. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As[2] she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,

i. 6: "The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, which still we thank as love."

[2] *As* for *as if* occurs very often in Shakespeare.

So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, — warm life,
As now it coldly stands, — when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? — O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring[3] daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colours
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow but
It kill'd itself much sooner.

Polix. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, — for the stone is mine, —
I'd not have show'd it.

[3] *Admiring* is *wondering*, here, as usual. See page 158, note 1.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[4] —
What was he that did make it? — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Polix. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,[5]
And we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, sir, I've thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

[4] The expression, "Would I were dead," &c., is neither more nor less than an imprecation, equivalent to *Would I may die*, &c.; and the King's real meaning, in reference to Paulina's remark, that he will think *anon* it moves, is, "May I die, if I do not think it moves already." — STAUNTON.

[5] The idea seems to be, that the spectators have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness; that is, they *think* it a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; and seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion. — I have never seen this play on the stage; but can well believe the present scene to be, in the acting, one of the most impressive in the whole range of Shakespeare's theatre; as perhaps Hermione herself is, upon the whole the grandest structure of womanhood ever conceived by the wit of man. And in this superb scene the reader almost fancies the spectators turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you[6]
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,—
Which I protest against,—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about,[7] let them depart.

[6] *Resolve you* is *make up your mind*, or *be fully prepared*. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 1: "*Resolve yourselves* apart: I'll come to you anon."

[7] Alluding to the old statutes against practising magic, which was regarded as a conspiring with "wicked powers," and so was punished as a capital crime. See *As You Like It*, page 127, note 6.

Leon. Proceed :
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her ; strike ! — [*Music.*
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive she stirs :
[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now in age
Is she become the suitor.
Leon. O, she's warm ! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Polix. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck :
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Polix. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stol'n from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Presenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.
Herm. You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's Court? for thou shalt hear that I, —
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, — have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. — Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one.[8] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far, —
For him, I partly know his mind, — to find thee
An honourable husband. — Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose[9] worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. — Let's from this place. —

[8] A singular use of *partake;* meaning, of course, *impart, communicate*, or *extend the participation of.* So in *Pericles*, i. 1: "Our mind *partakes* her private actions to your secrecy."

[9] *Whose* refers, not to Paulina, but to Camillo; as appears by what follows.

What ! look upon my brother : both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. — This is your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, who — Heavens directing —
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd ; hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

Act I., Scene 1.

Page 38. *The Heavens continue their* love! — The original has *Loves* instead of *love*. The latter is shown to be right by the next speech: "I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter *it*."

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 40. *I'm question'd by my* fear *of what may chance*
Or breed upon our absence: may there *blow*
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! — In the first of these lines, the original has *fears* instead of *fear*, and, in the second, *that may* instead of *may there*. The latter is Warburton's reading, as it is also that of Collier's second folio. I do not see how the last clause can be understood otherwise than as referring to *fear;* so that either the antecedent ought evidently to be in the singular, or else we ought to read *These are* instead of *This is*. The passage has troubled the editors a good deal, and various other changes have been made or proposed.

P. 41. *I'll give* you *my commission,*
To let him there a month behind the gest, &c. — So Hanmer. The original has "I'll give *him* my commission." Mr. Joseph Crosby sustains the old reading, as in accordance with the usage of the North of England. His comment at least throws light on the question: "Of the two directly opposite meanings of the word *let*, viz., to *detain* or *hinder*, and to *allow* or *permit*, the latter is, I believe, the only meaning used in the North. '*I'll let* you do so and so,' is an every-day idiom for 'you have my permission to do so and so.' I have heard a

thousand times such expressions as these: 'I'll let my boy at school another year'; that is, 'I'll let him *remain*,' &c.: 'John is making a good job, and I think I had better *let him* at it awhile longer.' In the present instance, 'I'll give him my commission, to let him there a month behind the gest,' &c., a Westmoreland Hermione would be instantly recognized as meaning to say, 'I'll give *him* [his Majesty my husband] my permit to stay or remain at your Court a month after the day named on the royal scroll for his departure.'"

P. 41. *I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind*
What lady e'er *her lord.* — The old text reads "What lady *she* her lord." The word *she* seems very odd here; editors have naturally questioned it; and some read "What lady *should* her lord"; adopting a change written in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio. The abbreviation of *should* might indeed be easily misprinted *she;* but I think *should* misses the right sense. Not how any lady *ought* to love, but how any lady *does* love, her husband, seems to be the speaker's thought. See foot-note 7.

P. 43. *We knew not*
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, *nor dream'd*
That any did. — So the second folio. The first lacks *no.*

P. 43. God's *grace to boot!* — So Walker. The original omits *God's.* See note on "God save his Majesty," *The Tempest*, page 157.

P. 44. *You may ride's*
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat *an acre.* — I at one time thought we ought to read, with Collier's second folio, "we *clear* an acre." But further consideration and the judicious help of Mr. Joseph Crosby have convinced me that the old text is right. See foot-note 11.

P. 45. *From heartiness, from* bounty's *fertile bosom.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The old text, "from *Bountie,* fertile *Bosome.*"

P. 47. *Affection, thy intention stabs the centre!*
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicatest with dreams, — how can this be? —

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst cojoin with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, (as *I find it,*)
Ay, even *to the infection of my brains*
And hardening of my brows. — It would be something strange if a transcriber or compositor or proof-reader found his way rightly through such a tangled puzzle, or rather bramble-bush, as we have here. Accordingly, the original has, in the seventh line, "*and* I find it," and, in the eighth, "*And that* to the infection." I have little doubt that, amidst so many *ands*, that word got repeated out of place in the seventh line, and that, in the eighth, *And that* crept in, for the same cause, from the line before. In other respects, I give the nine lines, *verbatim*, just as they stand in the original: the punctuation is there so disordered, that no one now thinks of adhering to it.

The commentators differ widely in their interpretation of this hard passage. In fact, the passage has been a standing poser to editors from Rowe downwards: to Rowe it was so much so, that he boldly changed the first line to "*Imagination, thou dost stab to* centre." And some others understand *affection* as equivalent to *imagination*: but I more than doubt whether the word ever bears that sense in Shakespeare; though he certainly uses it with considerable latitude, not to say looseness, of meaning. I reproduce what seem to me the two best explanations I have met with:

"In this place, *affection* seems to be taken in its usual acceptation, and means the passion of love, which, from its possessing the powers which Leontes here describes, is often called in Shakespeare by the name of *Fancy*. Leontes addresses part of this speech to his son; but his wife and Polixenes, who are supposed to be in sight, are the principal objects of his attention; and, as he utters it in the utmost perturbation of mind, we are not to expect from him a connected discourse, but a kind of rhapsody, interrupted by frequent breaks and starts of passion; as thus: 'Sweet villain! — Most dearest! — My collop! — Can thy dam? — May it be?' In answer to this last question, *may it be?* and to show the possibility of Hermione's falsehood, he begins to descant upon the power of love; but has no sooner pronounced the word *affection* than, casting his eyes on Hermione, he says to her, rather of her, in a low voice, 'thy intention stabs the centre!'

And if we suppose that in speaking these words the actor strikes his breast, it would be a further explanation of his meaning. After that, he proceeds again in his argument for a line and a half, when we have another break, *How can this be?* He then proceeds with more connection, and says, 'If love can be coactive with what is unreal, and have communication with non-entities, it is probable that it may cojoin with something real in the case of Hermione'; and, having proved it possible, he concludes that it certainly must be so. The words *beyond commission* allude to the commission he had given Hermione to prevail on Polixenes to defer his departure. This is the light in which this passage strikes me; but I am by no means confident that my idea of it is just. — *Intention* in this passage means eagerness of attention, or of desire; and is used in the same sense as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff says, 'She did course over my exteriors with such a greedy *intention*, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass.'" — MASON.

"*Affection* here means *sympathy*. *Intention* is *intenseness*. The *centre* is the solid globe conceived as the centre of the Universe. The allusion is to the powers ascribed to sympathy between the human system and all Nature, however remote or occult. Hence Leontes, like Othello, finds in his very agitation a proof that it corresponds not with a fancy but a reality. *And that beyond commission*, that is, it is very credent that sympathy shall betray a crime to the injured person, not only at the time of commission, but even after, — beyond the time of commission." — SINGER.

I should be not unwilling to accept this explanation, if I could see how to reconcile it with the latter part of the passage in question. Here I cannot but think that Leontes refers to something, not as acting in his own mind, and revealing to him what others have done in secret, but as acting in the person of his wife, and impelling her to crime, or causing her to do that which makes him "a horned monster." Nor can I understand the words *beyond commission* as having any reference to time. It seems to me that *commission* bears the same sense here as a little before, "I give you my *commission* to let him there a month," &c.; that is, *authority* or *permission*: beyond what is *allowed* or *warranted* by the bond of wedlock. So that the meaning, as I take it, is, that this something, whatever it may be, which holds intercourse with dreams, and co-operates with things that are not, has

so infected Hermione, as to make her transcend the lawful freedom of a wife, or pass beyond the limits prescribed by her marriage-vows. See foot-notes 21 and 23.

But perhaps the most indigestible part of my explanation lies in the meaning attached to *centre*. Yet I do not see how the word can well bear any other sense here than it does in the next scene, where, in accordance with the old astronomy, it clearly means the Earth : "If I mistake in those foundations which I build upon, the *centre* is not big enough to bear a schoolboy's top." So, again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3: "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this *centre*, observe degree, priority, and place," &c. Also in *Hamlet*, ii. 2 : "I will find where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the centre."

Perhaps, after all, the passage in hand was not meant to be very intelligible ; and so it may be an apt instance of a man losing his wits in a rapture of jealousy. For how can a man be expected to discourse in orderly sort, when his mind is thus all in a spasm ?

Since writing the above, I have received the following well-considered note from Mr. Joseph Crosby :

"The King, already by nature predisposed to jealousy, while talking to his boy, sees the purely-gracious courtesies of Hermione towards her guest; and his abrupt interrogatories, 'Can thy dam ? — May't be ?' show the course his thoughts are leading him. Here the hiatus after his fragmentary musings is easily supplied ; but his mind seeks some reconciling cause, — some motive-agent, — to account for the dreadful suspicion. He grasps it in the thought of that all-pervading carnal propensity which we name *lust*. The whole of the rest of the passage, commencing, 'Affection,' &c., is simply an apostrophe to the *intencion* of that cause. *Affection* may be defined as a term for any passion that violently *affects* the mind : and what more common or powerful passion is there than this of concupiscence or lust ? It 'stabs the centre'; it pervades the whole globe ; kings and queens, no less than peasants, are its subjects: ''tis powerful, think it, from east, west, north, and south': all barriers to its gratification it sweeps away, making possible, things not so held.' Nay, more ; its potency is such, that even in sleep we are not exempt from its tyranny : it 'communicates with dreams,' though 'how this can be' is unaccountable : but, if it can 'coact with the unreal,' and 'fellow nothing,' then, *a fortiori*, ''tis very credent it may cojoin with something,' — some

sympathetic *touch*, some living, responsive object. He has now found his clew to the situation, and suspicion fast becomes conviction. He has built a logical bridge of what he deems a sufficiently reasonable strength, and rushes over it to certainty. It *may* be, — it *is*, — 'THOU DOST!' — The soliloquy is admirably characteristic of the speaker's agitation of mind; full of starts, abrupt turns, imperfectly-expressed sentences, incoherent ideas, one huddled upon another; and this style marks all the speeches of Leontes in the early part of the play, and indeed all through it."

P. 48. Polix. Ho, *my lord!*
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Herm. *You look*
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you not *moved, my lord?* — In the first of these lines, the original reads "*How?* my lord?" *Ho!* is there often spelt *how*, and the relative position of the persons shows it should be *ho!* here; for Leontes is evidently standing apart from Polixenes and Hermione. Corrected by Dyce. — In the second line, also, the words "What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?" are assigned to Leontes in the old text. Corrected by Hanmer. — In the last line, the original lacks *not*, which is fairly required both for sense and for metre. Hanmer reads as in the text; Theobald, "Are *not* you moved?"

P. 48. *Looking on the lines*
Of my boy's face, methought *I did recoil*
Twenty-three years. — In the original, "*me thoughts* I did recoil." This has been changed by some to "*my* thoughts I did recoil"; which, I suspect, is hardly English. In the fifth line after, the original has *me thought;* and in *Richard III.*, i. 4, the first folio has "*Me thoughts* that I had broken from the Tower"; and also, "*Me thoughts* I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes," &c.

P. 49. *He makes a July's day short as* December's. — The old text reads "short as *December*." This, it seems to me, is hardly an English expression of the thought.

P. 50. *I am like you*, they *say.* — So the second folio. The first omits *they*.

P. 53. *For cogitation*
Resides not in that man that does not think't. — The original has "that does not *thinke*," and some copies of the second folio, "think *it*."

P. 53. *My wife's a* hobby-*horse*. — In the original, "a *Holy* Horse." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 53. *Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes* else
Blind with the pin-and-web. — So Walker. The original lacks *else*, and so leaves the verse maimed.

P. 54. *Why, he that wears her like* a *medal hanging*
About his neck. — So Collier's second folio. The original has "like *her* Medull," *her* being repeated by mistake.

P. 55. *How I am gall'd*, — thou *mightst bespice a cup*. — So the second folio. The first omits *thou*, which is needful alike to sense and verse.

P. 57. *So leaves me to consider. What is breeding,*
That changes thus his manners?
Cam. *I dare not know, my lord*. — The original prints "leaves me, to consider what is breeding," &c. And so most of the recent editors give the passage. But does not Camillo's reply fairly suppose the clause after *consider* to be interrogative? And where is the objection to taking *consider* as used absolutely, or without an object expressed?

P. 59. *As he had seen't, or been an instrument*
To vice *you to't*. — Instead of *vice*, it has been proposed to print *'tice*, meaning *entice*, which, it seems to me, is something too tame for the occasion. Dyce, however, adopts that reading. See footnote 56.

P. 60. *Swear* this *thought over*
By each particular star in heaven. — The original reads "Swear *his* thought over." Various changes have been proposed; but the substitution of *this* for *his* is much the simplest; and I fail to

appreciate the objections to it. Lettsom proposes "Swear *this oath* over"; which would give the same sense, with, I think, not much improvement in the language.

P. 61. *My people did expect my hence-departure*
Two days ago. This jealousy of his
Is for a precious creature. — So Walker. The original lacks *of his*. The words thus added complete the verse naturally; and we have many such omissions in the old copies: some occurring in the folio are corrected from the quartos, in the case of plays that were printed in that form, and *vice versa*.

P. 61. *Good expedition be my friend, and* nothing
The gracious Queen, part of his theme, discomfort
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. — Most of the later editors have, perhaps justly, given this passage up as incurably corrupt. Instead of *nothing*, in the first line, the original has *comfort;* and *but nothing* instead of *discomfort* in the second line. With that reading, it may, I think, be safely said that neither sense nor English can possibly be made out of the passage. Hanmer prints "Good expedition be my friend! *Heaven* comfort," &c.; and Collier's second folio substitutes *dream* for *theme;* neither of which changes yields any relief. Many explanations also of the old text have been offered; but all to no purpose except that of proving it to be inexplicable. It is true, as Walker notes, that in one or two places the Poet uses *nothing of* simply as a strong negative, equivalent to *not at all;* but neither does that fact help the present difficulty. I have ventured to try a reading not hitherto proposed, so far as I am aware. This reading, it will be seen, makes no *literal* change except that of *but* into *dis;* while it supposes *comfort* and *nothing* to have crept each into the other's place; perhaps by mistake, perhaps by sophistication. The text as here given, I think, both yields a fitting sense, and is tolerable English; though, I confess, at the expense of one rather harsh inversion; yet not harsher, I believe, than some others in Shakespeare. See foot-note 59.

Act II., Scene I.

P. 64. *All's true that* I *mistrusted.* — Lettsom's correction. The old text reads "that *is* mistrusted."

P. 65. *More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is*

A fedary *with her.* — The original has *Federarie*, which is probably a misprint for *Fedarie*. At all events, it labours under the twofold difficulty of overfilling the verse and of not being English. The Poet has *fedary* in two other places.

P. 66. *No*, no ; *if I mistake*

In those foundations which I build upon, &c. — The second *no* is wanting in the old text. Lettsom's correction.

P. 67. *I'll keep my* stable *where*

I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her, &c. — The original has *stables* instead of *stable*. But Dr. C. M. Ingleby, in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, shows that *keeping one's stable* was a sort of proverbial phrase, having a peculiar meaning ; and it appears from his quotations that the singular was always used for conveying that sense. Thus he quotes from Greene's *James the Fourth :* " A young stripling, that can wait in a gentlewoman's chamber when his master is a mile off, keep his *stable* when it is empty, and his purse when it is full." Here there is an equivoque on *stable*, one sense being the same as that in the text, the other that of a lodging for horses. See foot-note 14.

P. 68. *Would I knew the villain,*

I would lant-dam *him.* — The original has "I would *Land-damne* him." No other instance of *land-damn* has been found, nor can anybody tell what it means. Collier's second folio substitutes *lamback*, which means *beat*, — a sense not strong enough for the place. *Lant-damm*, as the word would have been written, might easily be misprinted *land-damne*. Walker proposed *live-damn*, with the explanation, "I would damn him alive, — inflict the torments of Hell upon him while yet living." I was at one time minded to adopt this reading, and should probably have done so, had I not received the following from Mr. Joseph Crosby: "I have long been convinced that Hanmer's explanation of *land-damn*, in *The Winter's Tale*, ii. 1, was right. *Lant* is a *common Lancashire provincialism* for *urine*, to this day. All the glossaries and dictionaries, new and old, give this word as pure Saxon, although they mostly mark it *obsolete*. Coles gives "*Lant*, urina"; and both Coles and Skinner define 'to *lant*, urinâ miscere.' I have

myself seen, among the farmers, what they call a 'lant-trough'; a large stone trough, into which they empty the contents of the 'chambers'; as they use it to sprinkle, along with quick lime, over certain grain-seeds, before they sow them, to make them sprout the sooner, I suppose. It was also written *land* and *hland*. The word in question, then, if spelt land-*damm*, clearly means 'stop the urine,' dam or shut it off; which unquestionably in this case was to be done by *mutilation*. Antigonus, all through this passage, speaks in the most passionate manner; and it requires some such sense as this to be attached to the climax *land-damm*, to keep up his consistency." Then, after quoting the many changes of the text which have been proposed, the writer closes thus: "The whole context of unclean metaphors plainly requires *land-dam*, or, still better, *lant-dam*, (*lant* being the form of more common usage,) meaning to stop his water, and of course his life, by the horrible punishment of mutilation."

P. 69. *But I do see't and feel't,*
As you feel doing this, *and see withal*
The instruments that you *feel.* — The old text has *thus* instead of *this* in the second of these lines, and omits *you* in the third. Lettsom proposed *this*, and *you* is clearly needful to the sense. Heath thought we ought to read "The instruments *of* that *you* feel."

P. 70. *Which if you — or stupefied,*
Or seeming so in skill — cannot or will not
Relish as *truth, like us*, &c. — The original has "Relish *a* truth." But is it, or was it ever, English to say "*which* if you cannot relish *a* truth"? The reading in the text is Rowe's.

P. 70. *Whose spiritual counsel had,*
Shall stop or spur me on. *Have I done well?* — So Hanmer. The old text lacks *on*.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 77. *And, I beseech you, hear me, who* profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, &c. — Instead of *profess* and *dare*, the old text has *professes* and *dares*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 79. *Nay, the* valleys,
The pretty dimples of's chin and cheek; &c. — The original has *Valley* instead of *valleys*. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 81. *The* bastard's brains *with these my proper hands*
Will I dash out. — The old text has *bastard-brains*. Lettsom proposed the change.

P. 81. *We've always truly served you; and beseech* you
So to esteem of us. — The original lacks the second *you*.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 85. *This* session — *to our great grief, we pronounce* —
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. — In the original, "This *Sessions*." In the last speech of the preceding Act, we have "Summon a *session*."

P. 85. Crier. *Silence!* — In the original "Silence" is printed in Italic type, and without the prefix, as if it were a stage-direction. But it was customary to command silence in such cases, and it belonged to the public Crier to pronounce the order.

P. 87. *With what encounter so uncurrent I*
Have strain'd *t' appear thus.* — Collier's second folio substitutes *stray'd* for *strain'd*. The words, "if one jot beyond the bound of honour," certainly speak somewhat in favour of this change. But Shakespeare repeatedly uses the substantive *strain* in a way that strongly supports the old text. See foot-note 5.

P. 88. Leon. *You will not own it.*
Herm. *More than* mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. — Here "More than *mistress of*" seems to me a very strange expression. I greatly suspect we ought to read "More than *my distress*, Which," &c.; and so I believe some one has proposed to read.

P. 89. *As you were past all shame,* —

Those of your fact *are so,* — *so past all truth.* — Some difficulty has been felt about *fact* here. Farmer proposed to substitute *sect*, and so Walker would read. But I do not well understand the grounds of their objection to *fact*. The word seems to me legitimate and apt enough. "Those of your *fact*" means, of course, those guilty of your *deed*, or of such deeds as yours. This use of the word has long been familiar to me.

P. 89. *Thy brat hath been cast out,* left *to itself,*

No father owning it. — The old text has *like* instead of *left*. But what can be the meaning of "*like* to itself" here? I can make nothing of it; whereas "*left* to itself" expresses the actual fact rightly. The correction is Keightley's.

P. 89. *The innocent milk in* its *most innocent mouth.* — Here, instead of *its*, the original has *it* used possessively. So, again, near the close of the preceding Act: "And that there thou leave it to *it* own protection." The same thing occurs sometimes in other plays; as in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "It lifted up *it* head." Also in *King Lear*, i. 4: "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, that it had *it* head bit off by *it* young." This is perhaps a mark-worthy relic of old usage in regard to that word. I have more than once observed in foot-notes, that in Shakespeare's time *its* was not an accepted word, and that *his* or *her* was commonly used instead. The original edition of the English Bible does not use *its* at all; though in a few places we find *it* used possessively, which is changed to *its* in modern editions, and rightly, no doubt. It is true that *its* occurs several times in the original text of this play, for the word was then creeping into use; but the instances quoted above of *it* used possessively look as if the Poet had some scruples about using *its*. White and Staunton stick to the old printing in this point; which, it seems to me, is pushing conservatism one letter too far.

P. 90. *But yet hear this; mistake me not:* My *life,*

I prize it not a straw. — Instead of "*My* life," the old text has "*no* Life." The passage is sometimes printed "*No!* life, I prize it not," &c. Dyce prints "*for* life," &c. The reading in the text is White's.

P. 92. *Quit his fortunes here*
Which you knew great; and to the certain *hazard*
Of all incertainties himself commended. — So the second folio. The first omits *certain*. See foot-note 13.

P. 93. *What wheels, racks, fires? what flaying,* or what *boiling*
In lead *or* oil? — The original has "what flaying? boyling? In Leads, or Oyles?" To complete the measure in the first line, the second folio added *burning*, and Capell printed "what flaying, *rather?*" Walker proposes "what flaying, *tearing*, boiling," &c. But the insertion of *or what* is the simplest remedy; and so Dyce gives it. "In *lead* or *oil*" is Walker's correction.

P. 95. *Do not* revive *affliction:*
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, &c. — This passage has raised a deal of controversy. In the original it stands thus: "Do not *receive* affliction At my petition; I beseech you, rather," &c. For "At *my petition*" Collier's second folio substitutes "At *repetition*," and Lettsom proposes *By repetition*. But it seems to me that the simplest way out of the difficulty is by slightly changing the punctuation. The change of *receive* into *revive* is Staunton's; and it seems to me unquestionably right. See foot-note 18.

P. 95. Unto *these sorrows.* — So Walker. The original has "*To* these sorrows."

Act III., Scene 3.

P. 96. *I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,*
So fill'd and so o'er-running. — So Collier's second folio. The original has "So fill'd, and so *becomming*." White explains *becoming* as meaning *decent;* Staunton, *self-restrained;* Singer, *dignified*. White denounces *o'er-running* as "ridiculous," Staunton as "ludicrous"; whereupon Lettsom comments as follows: "According to Johnson, *to over-run* is *to be more than* full. Surely 'a vessel filled and over-running' is a rather better expression than 'a vessel filled and dignified,' or 'a vessel filled and self-restrained.' Or, if we suppose that here, as elsewhere, Shakespeare has intermingled the comparison and

the thing compared, and that *filled* relates to *vessel*, and *becoming* to *Hermione*, how can this adjective be applied to a person? *A becoming bonnet*, *colour*, or *attitude*, I can understand; but what can be said of *a becoming young lady*, or *a becoming queen?*

P. 97. *There* wend *and leave it crying.* — So Collier's second folio The original has *weepe* instead of *wend.*

P. 98. *I would there were no age between* sixteen *and three-and-twenty.* — Instead of *sixteen*, the old text has *ten*, which surely cannot be right. Hanmer substituted *thirteen;* the Cambridge Editors suggest *sixteen*, on the ground that 16 would be mistaken for 10, more easily than 13.

P. 98. *Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A* god, *or a child, I wonder?* — The original reads "A *boy*, or a Childe I wonder?" The change was suggested to White by the corresponding passage in Greene's novel. It seems to me a very happy correction. See footnote 7. The old reading has caused much perplexity to editors; and the best that has been alleged in its support is, that in some counties *child* appears to have been used especially for *female infant:* but this needs more confirmation than is yet forthcoming.

P. 99. *Sometimes to see 'em, and* then *not to see 'em.* — So Capell. The old text lacks *then*, which is plainly needful to the sense.

P. 100. *Would I had been by, to have help'd the* nobleman. — So Theobald. The original has "the *old man.*" The Shepherd could not know that Antigonus was an *old man;* but the Clown has just told him "how he cried out to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman.*"

P. 100. *You're a* made *old man.* — The original has *mad.*

ACT IV., CHORUS.

P. 101. The authorship of this *Chorus* is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful. Mr. White "more than suspects" it to have been written by Chapman. Certainly, if Shakespeare wrote it, his hand must have lapsed from or forgot its cunning for the time. The texture

and movement of the verse are very different from what a ripe Shakespearian tastes in the rest of the play. As compared with the *Choruses* in *King Henry V.*, the workmanship is at once clumsy, languid, and obscure. Shakespeare indeed is often obscure; but his obscurity almost always results from compression of thought, not from clumsiness of tongue or brain.

P. 102. *I* witness'd *to*

The times that brought them in. — So Capell. The old text has *witness* instead of *witness'd.*

P. 102. *And remember well*

A *mention'd son o' the King's, which Florizel*

I now name to you. — The original reads "*I* mentioned *a* sonne," &c.; where verse and statement are alike at fault; for so we have Time, honest old chorus as he is, telling a wrong story. It is true, mention has been made of a son of Polixenes; but the Chorus did not make it, nor has he, till now, said a word to us on any subject. Instead of *I mentioned*, Hanmer reads *There is;* which infers an improbable misprint. Most likely *I* got repeated by mistake from the next line, and then *a* was interpolated, in order to make apparent sense.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 103. *It is* sixteen *years since I saw my country.* — The original here says "*fifteene*," but it has *sixteen* both in the Chorus and in the last scene of the play.

P. 104. *But I have* musingly *noted.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has *missingly*, which can hardly be explained to any fitting sense. See foot-note 2.

P. 104. *That's likewise part of my intelligence;* and *I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.* — So Theobald. The old text has *but* instead of *and.* The former requires a very strained explanation, to make it fit the place.

Act iv., Scene 2.

P. 105. *With, hey!* with, hey! *the thrush and the jay.* — So the second folio. The second *with, hey!* is wanting in the first.

P. 110. *Let me be* unroll'd, *and my name put in the book of virtue.* — Lettsom believes *unroll'd* to be "a mere blunder of the ear for *unrogued*." And he observes that "*unroll'd*, without any thing to determine its application, cannot well stand alone." I suspect he is right.

Act iv., Scene 3.

P. 111. *I should blush*

To see you so attirèd; more, *I think,*

To see *myself* i' the *glass.* — The old text reads "*sworne* I thinke, To *shew* my selfe *a* glasse." Here *sworn* must be taken as agreeing with *you*, and so may possibly be made to yield a fitting sense, but hardly. Hanmer changed *sworn* to *swoon*, and is followed by Singer, Staunton, and Dyce: nevertheless I cannot abide that reading: Perdita could never speak so. Nor can I get the meaning, "to *see* myself *in* a glass," out of the words, "to *show* myself a glass." The change of *sworn* to *more* was proposed by Dr. C. M. Ingleby and by Mr. Samuel Bailey. Theobald made the other changes. The reading here printed is something bold indeed, but gives a sense so charmingly apt, that I cannot choose but adopt it.

P. 113. Welcome, sir:

It is my father's will I should take on me, &c. — So Capell. The original reads "*Sir, welcome,*" which leaves the verse defective. Hanmer printed "Sir, *you're* welcome." This accomplishes the same object, but not, I think, so well.

P. 115. *So,* even *that art*

Which you say adds to Nature is an art

That Nature makes. — The original reads "so *over* that Art," which is commonly printed "so, *o'er* that art." With *o'er*, I cannot make the expression tally with the context. The reading in the text is Craik's. Capell reads *e'er*.

P. 116. *O Proserpina,*
For th' flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon ! golden *daffodils*, &c. — *Golden* is wanting in the original ; which leaves both verse and sense defective. Coleridge remarks upon the passage, " An epithet is wanted here, not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*." What with Coleridge's authority, and Walker's approval, and the evident fitness of the thing, I venture to supply the word.

P. 118. *Nothing but that ; move still, still so*, and own
No other function. Each your doing is
So singular in each particular,
Crowning *what you* have done i' the *present* deed,
That all your acts are queens. — The original gives these five lines thus :

> Nothing but that : move still, still so:
> *And owne* no other Function. Each your doing,
> (So singular, in each particular)
> *Crownes* what you *are doing, in the* present *deeds*,
> That all your Actes, are Queenes.

" Here," says Walker, " I think, a line, or possibly two have dropt out, which, if preserved, would have obviated the difficulty of construction, which forms the only blot on this most exquisite speech." I can hardly assent to this as regards the amount lost ; but there is evidently some bad corruption in the passage, both sense and verse being out of joint : and I have no doubt that a word or two got lost from the text, and one or two other words changed. Instead of " what you *are doing*," the sense clearly requires " what you *have done*." In this point, my conjecture is, that *doing* got repeated from the second line before, and then *you have* was altered to *you are*, so as to accord with *doing ;* thus rendering the clause incoherent with the context. With the changes I have ventured to make, both sense and verse seem brought into proper order. The old text is, to my sense, convicted of error by certain comments it has called forth ; not explanations at all, but sheer obfuscations, and hyperbolical absurdities. " Each your doing crowns what you are doing, in the present deeds," is neither English nor sense, and no glozing can make it so. And the comments

aforesaid amount to just this, that the passage means something which, if the writers could only tell what it means, would be seen to be superlatively fine.

P. 118. *And the true blood which peeps* so *fairly through't.* — So Capell, Walker, and Collier's second folio. The original lacks *so.*

P. 118. *Nothing she does or* seems
But smacks of something greater than herself. — Instead of *seems*, Collier's second folio has *says*, which is adopted by White; perhaps rightly.

P. 118. *He tells her something*
That makes her blood look out. — So Theobald. The old text has "look *on't.*" The misprint of *on't* for *out* occurs repeatedly. See note on "laid mine honour too unchary out," in *Twelfth Night*, p. 148.

P. 119. *Pray* you, *good shepherd, what fair swain is this*
Which dances with your daughter? — So Walker. The original lacks *you.* Hanmer printed "*I* pray."

P. 119. I but *have it*
Upon his own report, and I believe it. — The original reads "*but I* have it," which quite untunes the sense of the passage. Corrected by Walker.

P. 120. *And break a foul* jape *into the matter.* — The original has *gap* instead of *jape*, which is from Collier's second folio. See footnote 26.

P. 120. *Has he any* embroided *wares.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "*unbraided* Wares." This has been explained "not braided, not knitted," and "undamaged, genuine"; but neither of these senses answers the occasion very well, or has much affinity with the context.

P. 122. Clammer *your tongues, and not a word more.* — So Crosby. The original has "*clamor* your tongues." The common reading is *clamour*, and various attempts have been made to connect it with the

ringing of bells. Dyce, though he prints *clamour*, thinks that "the attempts to explain this by referring it to bell-ringing ought to have ceased long ago." We have an instance of the word so applied in *Much Ado*, v. 2:

Bene. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than *the bell rings* and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: — why, an hour in *clamour*, and a quarter in rheum.

But here the word is evidently used in a sense just the opposite of that required in the text. *Clamor* may there be an instance of phonographic spelling; or the two words, though quite distinct in origin and meaning, may have been sometimes spelt alike. Mr. Crosby writes me that "*clammer* in *The Winter's Tale* is the Clown's way of pronouncing *clam;* and in Westmoreland, England, the word is mainly pronounced *clammer*. Were I editing the play, I should assuredly print it *clammer;* and every Northern man would instantly know it meant *stop;* literally *stick, fasten up*, or *together*." In confirmation of what is quoted from Mr. Crosby in foot-note 36, it may be well to add the following from Richardson: "CLAM, or CLEM, to hold tight; Anglo-Saxon, *Clam*, a band. *Clamm'd*, in Gloucestershire, Mr. Grose says, means *to be choked up*, as the mill is *clamm'd* up; and in the North, *starved*. Ray: '*Clem'd* or *clam'd*, starved; because, by famine, the bowels are, as it were, *clammed* or stuck together. Sometimes it signifies *thirsty;* and we know in thirst the mouth is very often *clammy*.'"

P. 125. *Master, there is three* goat-herds, *three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds*, &c. — So Theobald and Walker. The original has *carters* instead of *goat-herds*. In the second speech after, Polixenes says, "pray, let's see these *four* threes of *herdsmen*.

P. 127. *Sooth, when I was young,*
And handled *love as you do*, &c. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has "And *handed* love."

P. 127. *You were straited*
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her. — The original has "make *a* care." The interpolated *a* is among the commonest errors.

P. 127. *As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,*
Or Ethiop's *tooth.* — The original has "*Ethyopians* tooth." Corrected by Dyce.

P. 130. *If I may ever know thou dost but sigh*
That thou no more shalt see this knack, — as never
I mean thou shalt, &c. — The old text repeats *never* by anticipation, — "no more shalt *never* see."

P. 131. *Hides not his visage from our cottage, but*
Looks on's *alike.* — In the original, "Looks *on* alike." Of course *on's* is a contraction of *on us.*

P. 132. *You know* your *father's temper.* — In the original, "*my* Fathers temper." An obvious error, corrected in the second folio.

P. 133. *For all the Sun sees, or*
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea *hides.* — The original has "profound *seas* hides." Capell's correction.

P. 133. *And, most oppórtune to* our *need.* — In the old text, "to *her* need." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 134. *I am so fraught with* serious *business, that*
I leave out ceremony. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *curious* instead of *serious.*

P. 135. *Asks thee,* the *son, forgiveness.* — In the original, "asks thee *there* Sonne."

P. 135. *Sent by the King your father*
To greet him, and to give him comfort. — The old text has *comforts.* Corrected anonymously.

P. 136. She is *as forward of her breeding as*
I' the rear our birth. — The original has *She's* instead of *She is* at the beginning of the first line, and also begins the second with *She is.* Hanmer struck out the latter, as overfilling the verse to no purpose; and Lettsom thinks the second *She is* to be "a mere double

of the first, as Hanmer saw, if indeed it is not a correction out of place." He means, that it was probably intended as a correction of *She's* in the first line.

P. 137. *We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,*
Nor shall appear so *in Sicilia.* — So Lettsom. The original lacks *so*. Staunton also proposed the insertion of *so*.

P. 137. *It shall be so my care*
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play'd *were mine.* — The original has " as if The scene you *play*." The reading in the text is Lettsom's.

P. 138. *They* throng'd *who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed.* — The original has " they *throng*." An obvious error, hardly worth noting.

P. 138. *I would have* filed *keys* off *that hung in chains.* — The original reads " would have *fill'd* Keyes *of*."

P. 140. *For I do fear eyes over* us. — The original lacks *us*, which is required both for sense and for metre.

P. 141. *If I thought it were* not *a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't.* — The original transposes the *not* into the last clause, — " I would *not* do't." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 141. *And then your blood had been dearer by I know* not *how much an ounce.* — Here *not* is wanting in the old text. Inserted by Hanmer.

P. 145. There *stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead.* — So Capell. The old text has " *then* stand."

P. 146. *Which who knows* but luck *may turn to my advancement?* — The old text reads " which who knows *how that* may turn *back*," &c.; which is neither English nor sense. Collier's second folio changes *back* to *luck*. The reading in the text is Lettsom's.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 147. True, *too true, my lord.* — The original misprints the first *true* at the close of the preceding speech. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 147. *I think so. Kill'd!*
Kill'd! — *she I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me*
Sorely, to say I did. — So Theobald and Walker. The second *Kill'd!* is wanting in the old text.

P. 147. *You might have* spoke *a thousand things.* — The original has *spoken.* Not worth noting, perhaps.

P. 149. Thou *good Paulina,*
Who hast the memory of Hermione, &c. — So Capell. The original lacks *Thou.*

P. 149. *No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,*
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage —
Where we offend her *now — appear, soul-vex'd,*
And begin, Why to me? — So Theobald. In the old text the fourth line stands thus: "(Where we *offendors* now appear) Soul-vext." Theobald makes the following just note: "'Tis obvious that the grammar is defective, and the sense consequently wants supporting. The slight change I have made cures both; and surely 'tis an improvement to the sentiment for the King to say, that Paulina and he offended his dead wife's ghost with the subject of a second match, rather than in general terms to call themselves *offenders, sinners.*"

P. 149. *Had she such power,*
She had just *cause.* — The original repeats *such* in the last clause, — "She had just *such* cause." Palpably wrong.

P. 150. Cleo. *Good madam, —*
Paul. *I have done.*
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir, —

No remedy, but you will, — give me the office

To choose your *Queen.* — The original prints "I have done" as part of the preceding speech. Corrected by Capell. In the last line, the original has "chuse *you a* Queene." Corrected by Walker.

P. 151. *So must thy* grave

Give way to what is seen now. — Instead of *grave*, Hanmer has *graces*, and Lord Ellesmere's folio *grace;* rightly, perhaps, though, I think, rather tamely. See foot-note 5.

P. 151. *This is* such *a creature.* — So Hanmer. The original lacks *such.*

P. 152. *Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st*

He dies to me again when talk'd of. — So Hanmer. The old text has "Prethee no more; *cease:* thou know'st," &c. Lettsom thinks that "Pr'ythee, no more," and "I pr'ythee, cease," are both genuine readings, the one being a correction of the other, and the two having got jumbled in the printing or the transcribing.

Act v., Scene 2.

P. 160. *That she might no more be in danger of losing* her. — So Collier's second folio. The old text omits *her.*

Act v., Scene 3.

P. 166. *Scarce any joy*

Did ever so long live; no sorrow but

It *kill'd itself much sooner.* — So Walker. The original has *but* at the beginning of the last line, and lacks *It.* Capell completed the verse by printing *sir* instead of transferring *but.*

P. 167. *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*

And *we are mock'd with art.* — So Capell. The original has "*As* we are mock'd with art." Rowe prints "As we *were* mock'd with art."

P. 168. *Then all stand still ;*

Or *those that think it is unlawful business*, &c. — The original has *On* instead of *Or*. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 171. *This* is *your son-in-law*,

And son unto the King, who — *Heavens directing* —

Is troth-plight to your daughter. — In the original the *is* after *this* is wanting ; but the sense plainly requires it, either expressed or understood. Nor is there any real objection to it on the score of metre, since it only makes the fourth foot in the line an Anapest instead of an Iamb ; which is among the commonest variations in the Poet's verse. — In the next line, also, the old text has *whom* instead of *who ;* thus making it the object of *directing*, and not the subject of *is troth-plight*, as the sense requires.

tyrant - elemology

1 ruler of any kind

2. one who comes irregularly into power - an usurper

3. heartless -

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